



COROLLA

Published by the

Senior Class

OF

St. Simon's High School

LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

1916

An Acrostic from Shakespeare

Screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail.
To thine ownself be true.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses.
O that man might know the end of his day's business ere it come!
Neither a borrower or lender be, for loan oft loses both itself and friend.
Security is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king.
I hold my duty as I hold my soul.
Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
How far that little candle throws its beams!

So shines a good deed in this naughty world.
Confess yourself to heaven: repent what's past, avoid what is to come.
He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
O call back yesterday, bid time return!
Let not our looks put on our purposes!

WILLIAM ALBRECHT.



ST. SIMON'S SCHOOL

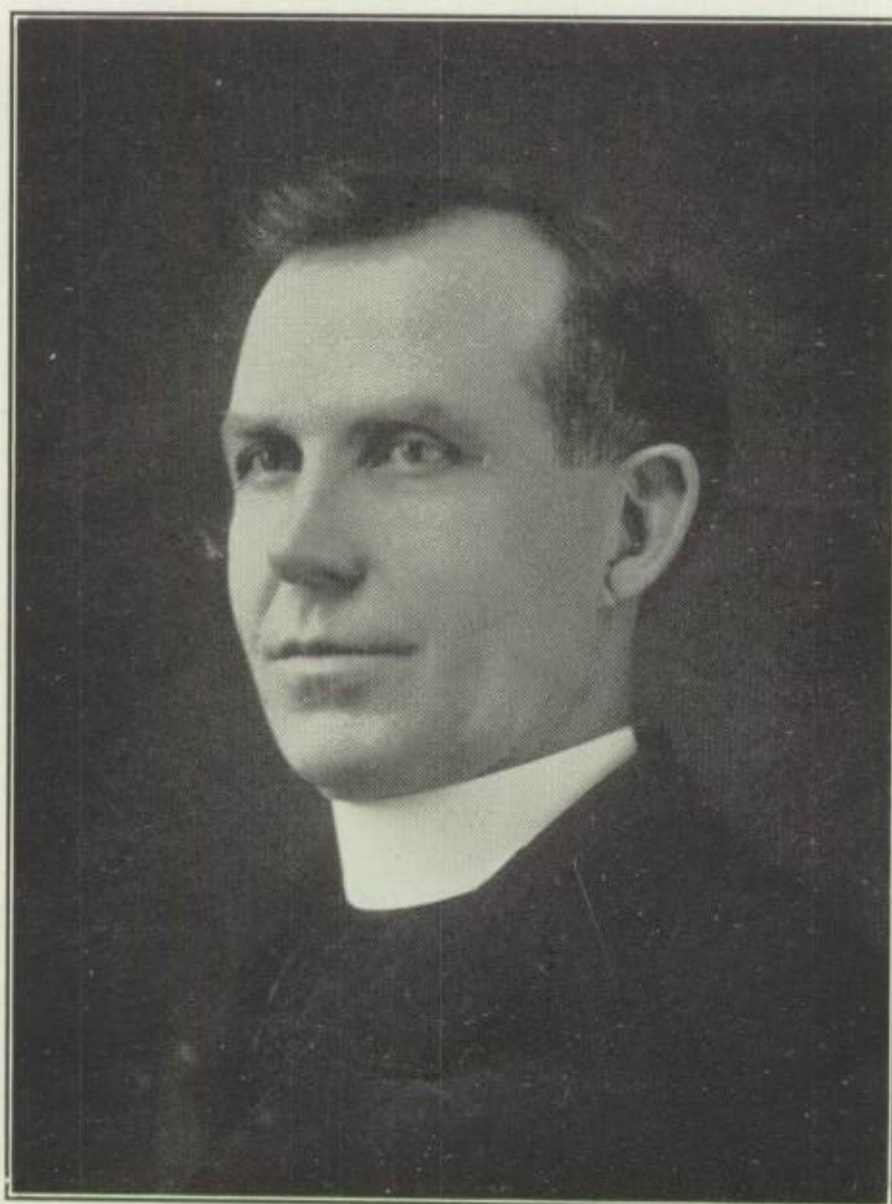
To our pastor, friend, and adviser,
Rev. D. E. Malone
in appreciation for the untiring efforts
he has shown to help us during our
high school career, this little book,
Corolla
is affectionately dedicated by the
Class of 1916.

COROLLA

Go, little book, upon your way,
To friends, to foes, to all men say
That hearty greetings to them all,
Are sent from old St. Simon's Hall.

Your thoughts to subjects grave pertain,
While some run on in lighter vein:
But all make up that happy strife,
Which waged, is called our high school life.

E. N. '16.



REV. D. E. MALONE



REV. JOSEPH BROGGER



REV. W. F. SIMON

SALUTATORY

"Perseverantia Omnia Vincit"

Four short years ago our class entered upon high school life with light hearts and high ambitions. Of the number who entered, all but a few have now reached the goal to which we looked forward with such eagerness. While striving to attain this end, many of our ambitions have been realized and, in their realizations, have given place to broader hopes and desires.

In the name of the class of 1916, I have the pleasure and honor of extending to all, through the pages of the *Corolla*, most hearty greetings—greetings to our pastor, parents, faculty, and friends.

To our pastor, who by his loving care has been ever ready to aid us in achieving the highest points in both spiritual and temporal affairs.

To our parents, whom we thank for the opportunities which they have given us, because whatever success we may attain, is due chiefly to their love, care and sacrifice.

To the faculty, whose earnest efforts we appreciate and who by their kindly advice and teachings have instilled in us true principles of knowledge.

To our friends, who have in any way been interested in our welfare since we have entered dear old St. Simon's.

Now that the closing days of our high school life are approaching, and we are soon to receive the reward of our efforts, it is but natural that we should think of the lives of many of the great men whom we have studied. Prominent among these, to my mind, is the great genius Michael Angelo, who spent seven long years in decorating the Sistine Chapel with his immortal "Last Judgment" and "The Story of the Creation," plodding away until the muscles and cords of his neck had become so rigid that he could not look down without bending his body. Think of this man, whom the world calls one of its greatest geniuses, with a block of marble, chisel and mallet ever ready to obey the call of a new thought. "Yet I am learning," he said after he was seventy years old and had immortalized himself in sculpture, architecture and painting. What a lesson is his life for the youth who thinks his education "finished" when he receives his diploma at school. It is not finished but it has just begun; the real education which we shall receive in life's school is now at hand, to be taught by the sterner teacher, Experience. The lessons which she teaches are difficult and trying, and many times the results of our work will be discouraging failures. But no education, no skill of any kind can be gained without a prolonged struggle to overcome obstacles. It is only by the discipline of tireless plodding, culture from perpetual drill that enables us to build up a grand symmetrical character. With firm and abiding faith in Him by whose strengthening power we can do all things, together with a strong will, a settled purpose, and invincible determination we can accomplish almost anything, for it is not always the quickest intellect that achieves the greatest results, for some one has said, and said wisely, that "Success is one per cent inspiration, and ninety-nine per cent perspiration."

Circumstances have rarely favored great men; they fought their way over the road of difficulty and through all sorts of opposition. Even the man with small ability will often succeed if he has the quality of persistence, for,

"Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perserverance in disguise."

ELIZABETH NEHS.

President's Address

"PATRIOTISM"

Patriotism. - - - What is patriotism? This question is often asked of us, and in defining it we say that it is the love which one bears for one's country. Yes, it is love, and yet more than love,—it is that noble feeling which surges to our hearts when our country faces some crisis; when she stands up before the world and maintains that the policy she has been following is right and is willing to uphold this right even if it costs her hundreds or thousands of her faithful sons.

Without patriotism this country would still be under the dominating power of England, which held sway in America until the children of this land rebelled and attempted to throw off the yoke which bound them to their motherland. Yes, it was patriotism and patriotism alone that filled the hearts of the officers and men with hope and assurance of victory, when, during the dreadful winter of '76 and '77, they met defeat at the hands of their enemies and when their little army lay starved and broken in the camp at Valley Forge. It was this spirit that inspired Sherman to make the march which rivaled the great achievements of history.

Even in the future when conflict between nations shall cease, this love will remain in the hearts of all loyal Americans from the baby in its mother's arms—its little eyes sparkling when the music of the regiment band is borne to its ears; from the boy whose only ambition is to be a soldier, to the grand old man whose little gold button on the lapel of his coat gives to all passersby the information that he fought and risked his life for his country.

A striking example of this great and glorious love is portrayed in the present conflict. Men who have left their native land and settled in the far off corners of the globe, leave their work and life's ambition to return to their land once more to demonstrate that their devotion to their fatherland has never faltered, although they see the picture of their life's hope blasted and they know that they themselves will lie broken upon the battlefield for this word called patriotism. They give up their lives though they may know that if they lived they might have fulfilled some great mission in this life, and brought honors and rewards to the feet of those whom they loved.

So, dear classmates, let us guard and cherish this God-given spirit of loyalty and patriotism. As we stand for the rights of our country, so also let us stand for the rights of our school and teachers. Let us be loyal to our motto, "Climb tho' the rocks be rugged." Then in after years as we look back and view the thorny path that we have followed, we will rejoice that we have striven to maintain our loyalty to our school, our country, our God.

PERCY GALLIE.

CLASS POEM

Dear Friends, you tell me a poem I must try;
A lay to the Seniors of St. Simon's High.
A task of such skill I ne'er could achieve,
For never such honor did poet receive.

Just a thought of the days that are now passed by,
Recollections that from us can ne'er fade nor die.
Memories of pleasures wax sweet many fold,
Because of the hardships endured for that goal.

Our dear Alma Mater, you've guided each step,
And the lessons you've taught us, we'll never forget;
For God watching o'er,—as the end draws apace—
To remember your lessons He'll lend us His grace.

Four years of our lives we have spent here with you;
As they passed, in their flight always shorter they grew.
And we trust that our record to successors may show,
That the class of '16 defeat could not know.

But with zeal as of yore we our new work begin,
For we're seventeen pilgrims all eager to win.
And "We'll climb though the rocks may be rugged" and steep,
For true to the motto we've chosen, we'll keep.

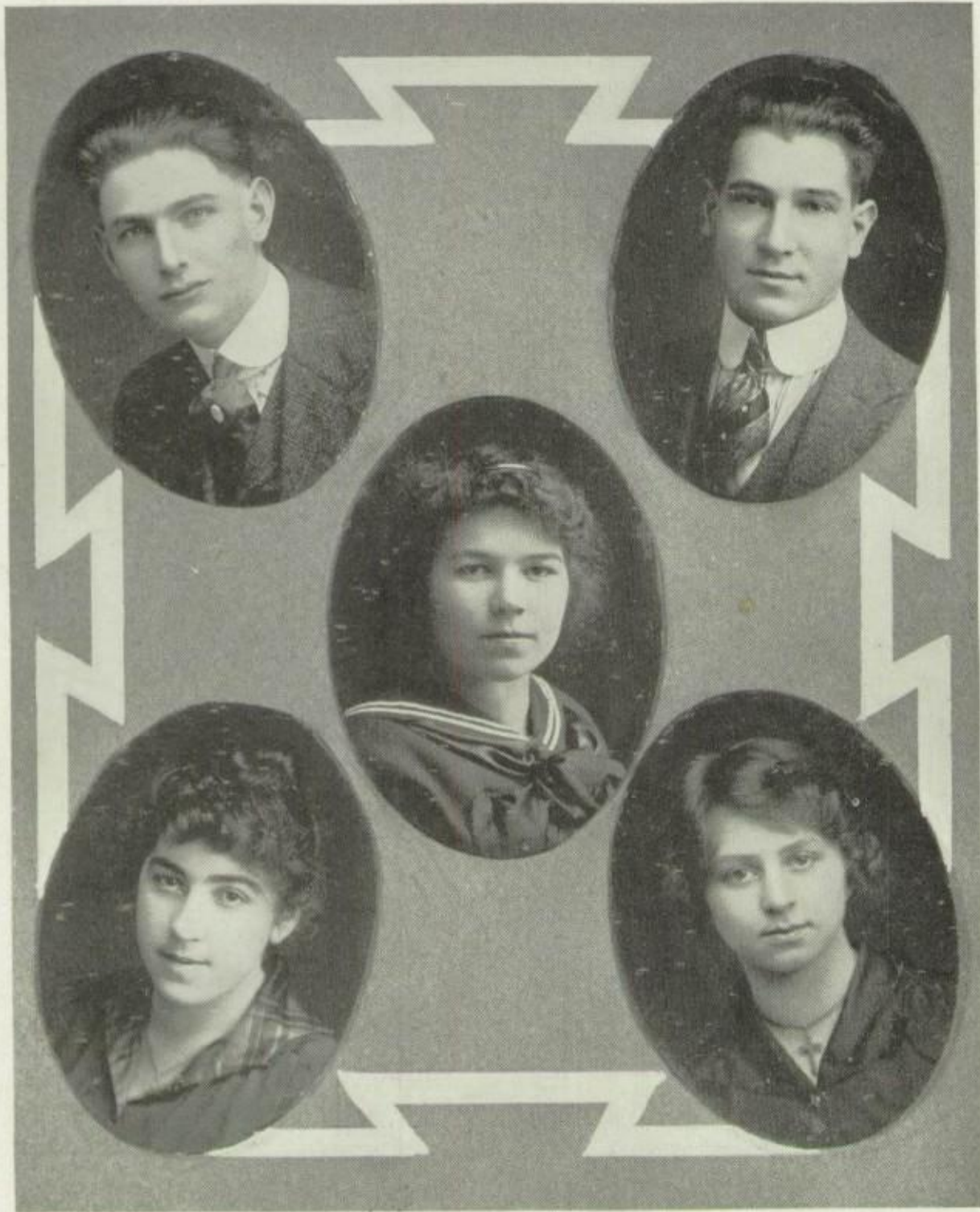
Each life is a struggle—ours just begun,
A crown will await us if victory be won.
On what heights we must gain it no wizard can tell,
But with firm faith to guide us,—St. Simon's, Farewell!

Farewell to our teachers, though we now leave your rule,
You'll not be forgotten in life's sterner school,
Where our tasks are not ended till life's sands are run,
And we hear from our Master: "Faithful servant, well done!"

Farewell to these halls, now our school days are ended;
Each portal with love in memory is blended.
But now, dear old schoolmates our thoughts are of you,
Not with joy, but with sorrow—'tis our last fond ADIEU!

GEORGIANA HAUGHEY.

Class Officers



PERCY GALLIE
President

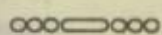
RAYMOND MASSE
Vice President

ELIZABETH NEHS
Editor-in-chief

MILDRED CHARETTE
Secretary

MARGARET DUTCH
Treasurer

OFFICERS

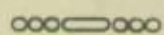


PRESIDENT—Percy Gallie

VICE PRESIDENT—Ray Masse

SECRETARY—Mildred Charette

TREASURER—Margaret Dutch



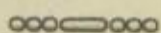
Editor-in-Chief

Elizabeth Nehs



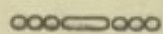
Assistant Editors

Lucile Warden, Georgiana Haughey



Chairman of Finance

Percy Gallie



Assistants

Ernest Subora

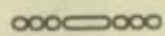
William Albrecht

Anthony Yech

Raymond Masse

Motto

"Climb tho' the rocks be rugged."



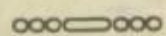
Colors

Violet and Gold



Flower

Violet



Sentiment

"He who fails bravely has not truly failed
But is himself the conqueror."

VALEDICTORY

We are leaving St. Simon's to take our places in the world, to thread our way o'er narrow rugged trails, to climb—to surmount each besetting difficulty that retards our progress. Our Alma Mater has equipped us with a knapsack well filled with knowledge, and a staff—staunch faith. With these, we will each choose a path, and each struggle to reach the summit of Mount Success, there to await the arrival of our classmates.

Meanwhile what will befall? What efforts will we make? How will we practice the lessons we have been taught? How will we encourage each other?

We know not what will befall, for a wise Providence has hidden the future from our view, lest the rugged steep appear too great and our courage flag at the outset. Our efforts must be constant, with a stern determination to reach the goal, diligent application to the work we have in hand whatever it may be. The lessons we have been taught, lessons of virtue, right and justice, we will practice in small things as well as in great. We will encourage each other by example and by aid, if need or opportunity offer, even at the expense of self sacrifice. We will all keep in view the beacon light of high standard established by our Christian training.

With these guide-posts we are setting out on our journey with bright hopes, and yet—

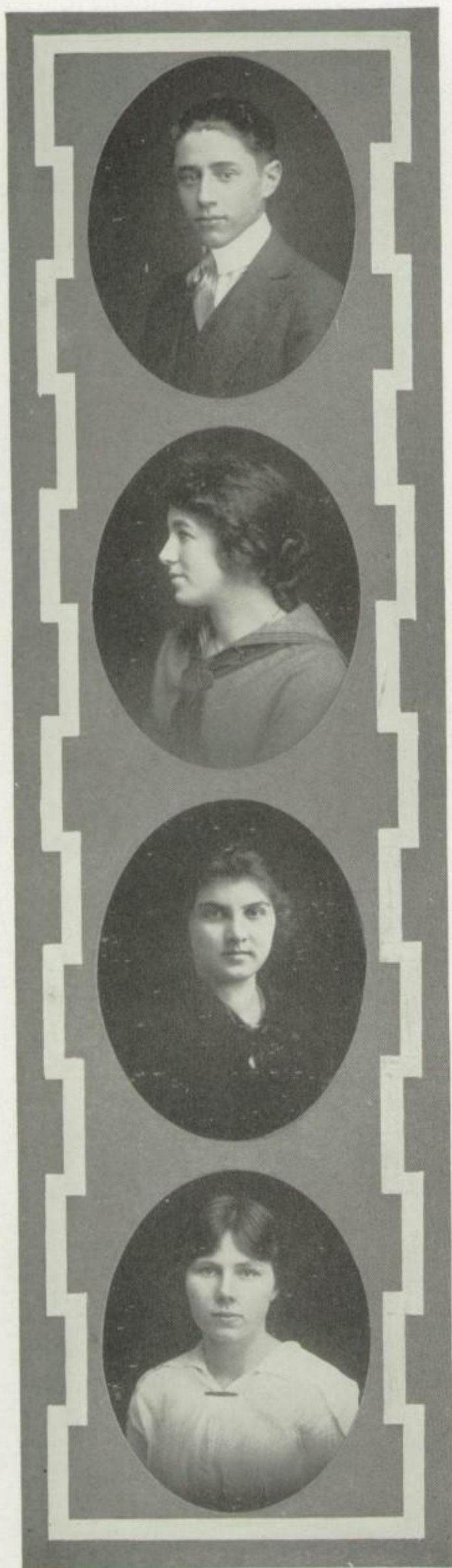
“A strange and weary shadow lies upon my soul today,
Though all around is beautiful, is wond'rous bright and gay;
I feel, because 'tis fading, the vision is so fair,
Its tints of radiance so rich, its happy light so rare.”

Alas, dear Classmates, our happy school days are o'er. The joys and sorrows of those school days serve to endear us to the past as well as to each other. Fond memories bind our hearts to our Alma Mater, and though we travel far, and climb high, we will ever remember St. Simon's and all who have aided us in our present struggle: our loving parents, who have given us the privilege of a Catholic education, our Reverend Pastor, our teachers and schoolmates. To all we bid a fond farewell. We part now for our devious ways. Our meetings may be few, but we will never sever the bond of affectionate love that exists among us at present—the present that seals our adieu.

“Oh yes, my hopes, long years have flown, and now I say adieu
To all the hallowed spots that bound my daily life to you,
For school and class room seem to say in tender tones and mild:
‘The time has come; go forth, alone; thou art no more a child.’”

MARGARET DUTCH.

Climb, though the rocks be rugged!
Keep Heaven's bright goal in view.
Climb, though you're sore and weary;
Your comrades scattered and few.
Climb, though the day be stormy,
And your burden weighs you down,
Knowing there's a God above you,
Who awards to the Cross the Crown.



THE SENIORS

MILDRED CHARETTE

ERNEST JOSEPH SUBORA

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

ooo—ooo

GEORGIANA MARIE HAUGHEY

"A sunny temper gilds the edge of life's
blackest cloud."

ooo—ooo

BLANCHE ANTOINETTE KOVAR

"Blessed with a goodly fund of
common sense."

ooo—ooo

HELEN GERTRUDE BATES

"Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."



HISTORY

The history of nations is made known to us by the eloquence of its orators, or the skill of its writers. The glory and grandeur—the fall and decline of the Roman empire have been vividly portrayed by the great historian Gibbon. Patriotic Old England has been rendered immortal by the pen of Macaulay. The steady progress of our own Land of the Free has been related in a manner that indeed reflects credit on the narrator. But the task before me is one that calls for far more skill and eloquence—a task that would make a Gibbon or a Macaulay shrink from undertaking. So it would be useless for me to try to relate in detail the adventures of the class of '16. For ours may be considered one of the busiest and most energetic of St. Simon's. However, having been appointed class historian, I will endeavor to enumerate some of the important events.

Because of our unusual ability and pleasing manner we were allowed to become part of high school when only eighth graders, taking part in all high school events and were admitted to the elect of St. Simon's, much to the disgust of the dignified and all-knowing seniors who had not been thus especially favored.

Our egotism and self-assurance were somewhat shaken, however, when the arrogant seniors, our self-appointed guardians, to teach us our first lesson in humility, denied us even a glimpse of the banquet hall, and

“Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown
Our class on the morrow lay withered and scorned.”

Since the lesson of humility, taught us by the seniors, during our Freshman year, had sunk deep into our hearts, we contented ourselves by striving for credits, now and then discussing styles and colors of banquet dresses, correct angles for boys' ties, etc., and were elated when as a reward for our remarkable behavior, we were handed our first invitations to the senior banquet.

It was during our Freshman year in February, 1913, that we moved from our old school to the new St. Simon's which was erected by Mrs. A. E. Cartier, an active and devoted member of our parish, and which stands as a lasting memorial of her generosity. Gratitude and appreciation for such beneficence shall always be characteristic of the pupils of St. Simon's school. In May of this year, one of the faculty of the University of Michigan spent the day at our school as we had applied to Ann Arbor for diploma relations. A few weeks later we were elated to hear that having met with their requirements, we were affiliated to the university.

We originally numbered twenty-one but at the end of this first struggle we were reduced to nineteen by the change of residence of two of our classmates. In May of this year, our beloved instructor Rev. Father Vogt was taken from us and honored with the charge of the parish at Reed City. The Bishop then appointed Rev. Father Brogger of Cadillac to fill the vacancy. One member of our class returned to her home in Cadillac, and this same year Anthony Yech who had been detained by a year of sickness entered our class.

When the third epoch began, we were eighteen in number. This was spent in a truly Utopian state, with picnics at Hopkins Lake, Kings Canyon, and Buttersville, and a sumptuous banquet for the seniors at the close of the year.

At the dawn of our senior year we were greeted with the appearance of Rev. Father Simon, as Father Brogger, who had so endeared himself to the pupils of St. Simon's, had been transferred during vacation to become pastor at Hanna. As the roll was called seventeen responded, Detroit having laid claim on one of our class, and Grand Rapids on another. This year we were assigned beautiful apartments exclusively for seniors. Our new abode is on the west side of the building, and from its windows one can view the greater part of the business section of our city, Epworth Heights, Buttersville and last but not least, our lovely Lake Michigan in all her various moods.



THE SENIORS

MILDRED CHARETTE

ANTHONY JOSEPH YECH

"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere."

○○○—○○○

ANTONIA MARIE YECH

"Age cannot wither her."

○○○—○○○

LUCILE BORGIA WARDEN

"Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

○○○—○○○

LILIAN ANTOINETTE JUNEAU

"And they, that lovely face who view
They should not ask if truth be there."



HISTORY (Continued)

Among the first events of this year was a meeting, at which we elected class officers as follows:—President, Percy Gallie; Vice President, Ray Masse; Secretary, Mildred Charette; Treasurer, Margaret Dutch. The next meeting was called to discuss plans for a celebration in honor of our pastor. With the spirit of DO IT NOW, we decided to show our appreciation for our beloved pastor, who had so zealously labored for our welfare and advancement, surprising him with a four course breakfast on October ninth, the feast of St. Denis. Later in the same month, we assembled at the call of our president to choose a class emblem, and decided in favor of rings instead of pins, which had been the emblem of former classes. In February we decided on the publication of an annual. Each member of the class was assigned some work, the honor of valedictorian being conferred upon Margaret Dutch whose standings showed the highest average. The editor and her assistants were chosen, also the business manager with his assistants. Our annual, *Corolla*, needs no eulogy—it speaks for itself. Invitations were next extended to our successors, the Juniors, to a five o'clock dinner, January 27, 1916.

"This event proved indeed a success

For all the Juniors appeared in their best."

And now as we pass onward to a new and unexplored field, the doors of St. Simon's which swung open to admit us on that September morn long ago, will soon close to us forever, leaving all behind, except the multitude of happy memories which Father Time can never obliterate.

LUCILE WARDEN.

Class Song

Tonight we leave the scenes to us so dear,
Our school work's done,—commencement day is here;
Loved ties we now must sever,
Tho' sweet they will be ever—
Mem'ries of St. Simon's High.
Our thoughts now turn to dim and distant days,
For soon we'll tread life's rough and thorny ways.
To teachers dear, and Alma Mater true,
To all with grief we now must bid adieu.

CHORUS

Then classmates dear, farewell!
Our hearts with sadness swell,
To leave loyal friends and also merry times;
O'er hardships we shall pass,
But we're a daring class;
So though the rocks be rugged we will climb.
The May-time of our lives with joy was spent;
Our care-free days now ruthlessly are rent,
Stern duties now appearing,
We'll meet, though never fearing,
Thinking of St. Simon's High.
If trials beset life's rough and rugged steep,
The lessons taught us while at school we'll keep.
To loving hearts these parting words we sing,
Our voices now in final chorus ring.

MARGARET KOUDELKA.



THE SENIORS

MILDRED CHARETTE

WILLIAM JOHN ALBRECHT

"Strange to the world he wore a
bashful look."

○○○○

MILDRED FRED A ROCK

"A full, rich nature, free to trust
Truthful and almost sternly just."

○○○○

MARY MONICA MASSE

"In every deed of mischief, she has a heart to
contrive and a hand to execute."

○○○○

MARGARET MARIE KOUDELKA

"Her looks do argue her replete
with modesty."

HOME SCENES

The subject of my essay is a grave one, you will say; and a wide one! Yes, so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts of Home, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the modernization of American homes. I could write volumes, and not express all that the word Home conveys. Home is a sacred word. Modern customs and manners may be introduced, but that true old fashioned affection is ever there.

The first American home was a rude Indian wigwam where love and contentment held sway. The men busily engaged in fur trapping and on the war-path, the women in pursuit of their home duties. Their love of wild free life had no effect upon that love that was centered in Home. If they were rude and uncivilized, they were still human at heart. Their love of home was just as great as their hatred for their enemies, who persisted in depriving them of their lands and homes.

How happy the Pilgrims were, in the poverty of their houses, but the luxury of their homes. Their family circles were complete and their joy unbounded. They were unconsciously laying the foundation of the millions of American homes now in existence.

It is interesting to discuss the scenes of home life immortalized by some of the great writers. Whittier describes in *Snow Bound* the winter evenings by the open fire place, roasting apples and telling interesting and novel experiences, while the mindless wind shrieked and howled. Every heart bounds with love and devotion, while every face is wreathed in tender smiles.

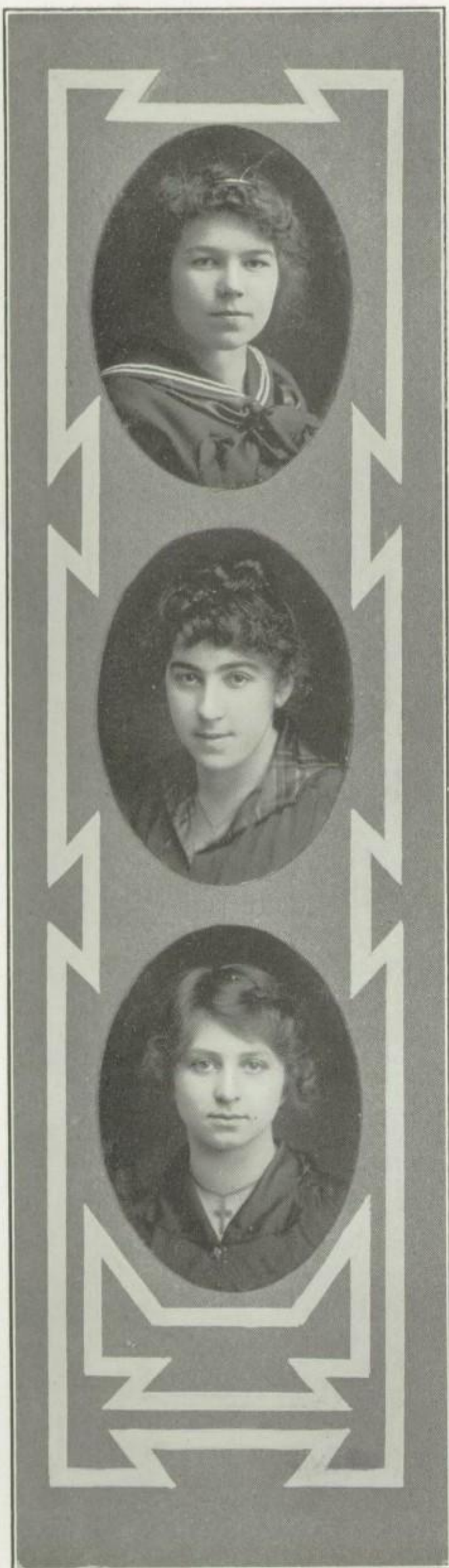
"They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time." and Tiny Tim voiced the sentiment of the family in his, "God bless us every one!" Thus Dickens, in his favorite theme, portrays his ideal of a poor but happy family, in his description of the Cratchits. He means to assert that wealth and luxury are not prime factors of happiness.

Who could paint more vividly than Longfellow, the tie of filial love that bound Evangeline to her aged father, and the love and grace with which she governed his modest home in her efforts to satisfy all his wants and desires by her simple tastes and gentle manners?

Picture the typical American home, after the shadows of night have begun to fall, when the family gather near the fire to tell the interesting events of that day. The younger children with their toys and dog-eared books, struggling to accomplish their difficult tasks by the aid of their ever faithful guide—Mother. The father reading the papers, will stop ever and anon to cast a coveted glance at the lovely picture, made still lovelier by the ruddy glow from the leaping flames. And lastly, the evening's pleasures are crowned by the family prayers, for true parental love gives vent to its force in grateful thanks to Him who has blessed their humble home, and in seeking graces and blessings for the loved ones of home. This is expressed by Whittier in the beautiful tribute he renders to his mother:

"And while, with care our mother laid
Her work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness,
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment, more than wealth."

MILDRED ROCK.

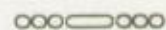


THE SENIORS

MILDRED CHARETTE

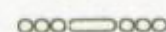
ELIZABETH MARGARET NEHS

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."



MILDRED ALICE CHARETTE

"A generous heart
O'er prompt to do with heaven its part."



MARGARET MARIE DUTCH

"A maiden never bold, a spirit
still and quiet."



CHRONICLE

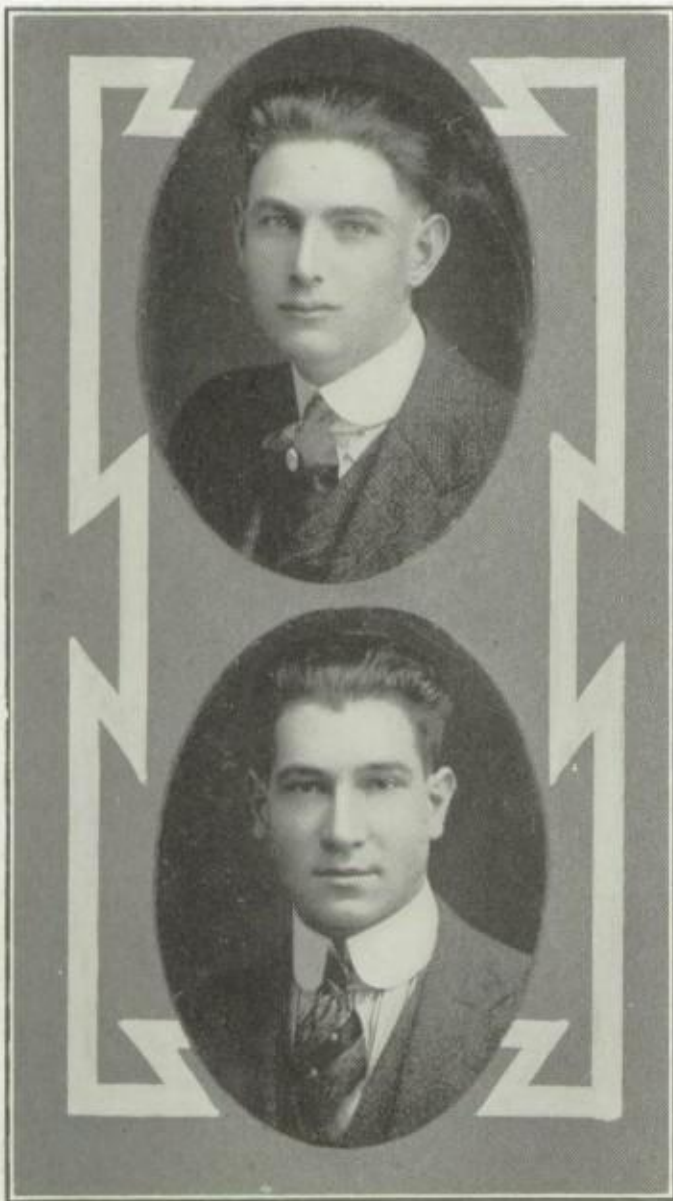
1915

- Sept. 8 Enrollment.
Sept. 14 Confirmation was administered to a class of one hundred.
Sept. 15 We were given a half holiday to attend the Amber Fair.
Sept. 16 Rt. Rev. Bishop Richter visited the school.
Sept. 29 A class meeting was called to make arrangements for festal celebration for October ninth.
Oct. 9 Feast of St. Denis, our pastor's patron.
Oct. 12 We held our election of class officers.
Nov. 12 Leo Lyceum was held in the auditorium.
Nov. 12 We received our class rings, a signet with 1916 on a back ground of ebony.
Nov. 21 Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. John McNeil of Bay City, for the repose of the soul of our former pastor, Rev. Laurence Hayden.
Nov. 22 The feast of St. Cecelia. The high school attended a very entertaining program at St. Simon's auditorium, given by the Cecelian Music Club.
Nov. 25 Thanksgiving vacation began.
Dec. 1 The annual parish supper was held in St. Simon's hall.
Dec. 17 We were entertained at a German Lyceum given by the Juniors.
Dec. 17 Christmas vacation began.

1916

- Jan. 10 School reopened after Christmas vacation.
Jan. 24 First semester examinations began.
Jan. 27 We gave the affair of the season—a reception to the Juniors.
Feb. 7 Credits were given out. Some were happy, some———?
Feb. 16 The Seniors had their pictures taken.
Feb. 23 Stereopticon entertainment given by the Young Peoples' Club, at St. Simon's Auditorium.
Feb. 25 Stereopticon views of France were shown in the assembly room for the benefit of the high school.
Feb. 28 Class assembled to decide on motto, colors, etc.
Mar. 15 Visit from the inspector of high schools, University of Michigan.
Mar. 17 We were given a holiday—St. Patrick's Day.
Mar. 20 Blizzard.
Mar. 22 No cessation of winter yet, though yesterday was the first day of spring.
Mar. 23 Juniors had their pictures taken. They came back in good condition, but we didn't hear about the photograhper.
April 1 Not meant for us.
April 3 Election Day—we all voted for the man who was elected.
April 4 Fourteen priests assisted at the solemn closing of Forty Hours' Devotion.
April 10 A picture of the Seniors' room was taken.
April 18 School closed for spring vacation.
April 30 Graduation recital of Lucile Warden and Margaret Koudelka.

ANTONIA YECH.



THE SENIORS

MILDRED CHARETTE

PERCY CLIFFORD GALLIE

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might
Stand up and say to all the world:
'This is a man.' "

• ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ •

RAYMOND EDWARD MASSE

"He worked in a manner that
accomplished much."

An Acrostic from Tennyson

Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought.
Embrace our aims, work out your freedom.
Nor swift nor slow to change, but firm.
It was duty spoke, not I.
O hard, when love and duty clash!
Ring in the thousand years of peace!
So make thy manhood mightier day by day.

W. A. '16.

The Alumni of St. Simon's High

Patrick Garvey.....'07	Graduate 1916, State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Minnie Castonia.....'07	Teacher, Jay A. Hubbell School, Houghton, Mich.
Orpha McDonald.....'07	Bookkeeper, McDonald & Sons Bakery, Ludington, Mich.
Mae Hamel.....'07	Bookkeeper, United Home Telephone Ludington, Mich.
Victoria Genia.....'07	Bookkeeper, Ludington Gas Co., Ludington, Mich.
Dora Juneau.....'07	Mrs. Geo. L. Doubledee, Ludington, Mich.
Viola Poirier.....'07	Mrs. Robt. Greenwald, Muskegon, Mich.
Elizabeth Kilty.....'08	Mrs. Louis Tripp, Ludington, Mich.
Gertrude Gavan.....'08	Sister of Mercy, Mt. Mercy, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Vina Kielty.....'08	Sten., Cartier-Holland Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Alvina Purcell.....'08	Detroit, Mich.
Eugene Prefontaine.....'08	Cashier, P. M. R. R., Ludington, Mich.
Mae Kielty.....'09	Sten., Stearns Salt & Lumber Co., Ludington, Mich.
Henrietta Korn.....'09	Sten., Pros. Attorney, H. G. Reek, Ludington, Mich.
Mary Carrier.....'10	Bookkeeper, Adam Drach Co., Ludington, Mich.
Jane Shinsky.....'10	Bookkeeper, P. H. Gosling Grocery, Ludington, Mich.
Eva Lavicz.....'10	Bookkeeper Stearns Salt & Lbr. Co., Ludington, Mich.
Emily McConville.....'10	Sten., Ludington Chronicle, Ludington, Mich.
Gertrude Hamel.....'10	Sten., "Jiffy Starter Co.," Detroit, Mich.
Margaret Lorenz.....'10	St. Mary's Hospital Tr'n'g School, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Earl Miller.....'10	Circulation Manager, Daily News, Ludington, Mich.
Leonard Gavigan.....'10	Purser, Goodrich Line Steamers, Milwaukee, Wis.
Amos Bechard.....'10	
Vincent Cartier.....'11	Senior, University of Wisconsin, Madison.
Owen Gavigan.....'11	Surveying Party, New Government R. R., Alaska.
Will Poisman.....'11	Salesman, Crowley & Milner, Detroit, Mich.
Gladys Moran.....'11	Ludington, Mich.
Celena Charette.....'11	F. W. Woolworth Co., Ludington, Mich.
Mary Raschka.....'11	Teacher, Public School, East Lake, Mich.
Alice Carrier.....'12	Sten., Stearns Salt & Lumber Co., Ludington, Mich.
Lillian Masse.....'12	Sten., A. E. Cartier Sons Co., Ludington, Mich.
Agnes Zeber.....'12	Sten., Stearns Salt & Lumber Co., Ludington, Mich.
Josephine Korn.....'12	Bookkeeper, Groening & Sons, Ludington, Mich.
Herbert Washatka.....'12	Bookkeeper, Stearns Salt & Lbr. Co., Ludington, Mich.
Marie Malliat.....'12	Filing Clerk, Star Watch Case, Ludington, Mich.
Myrtle Shinsky.....'12	Sister of Mercy, Mt. Mercy, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Ella Gavan.....'12	Sister of Mercy, Mt. Mercy, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Lula Charette.....'12	Ludington, Mich.
William Akersville.....'12	Paymaster, New Standard Foundry Co., Detroit, Mich.
Russel Hughes.....'12	Senior, Valparaiso University, Ind.
Rosalie Fraley.....'12	Mrs. Harold Brunk, Ludington, Mich.
Archie McIsaac.....'13	Junior, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.
John Cranley.....'13	Detroit, Mich.
Leo Gavan.....'13	Sec., to Night Supt., Chalmers Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Henry Bradl.....'13	Sten., The Thomas B. Jeffery Motor Company, Kenosha, Wis.
Mildred Juneau.....'13	Bookkeeper, Juneau & Stillwell Co., Ludington, Mich.
Eva Gallie.....'13	Ludington, Mich.
Jennie Rupp.....'13	Teacher, Dewey School, Victory, Mich.
Ila Orr.....'13	Sister of Mercy, Mt. Mercy, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Edna Young.....'13	Sister of Mercy, Mt. Mercy, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mayme Jirous.....'14	Cashier, F. W. Woolworth Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Evelyn Claire.....'14	Bookkeeper Circulation Promotion Co., Toronto, Can.
Robert Carrier.....'14	Assistant, U. S. Weather Bureau, Ludington, Mich.
Nellie Jirous.....'15	Bookkeeper, National Credit Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Anna Cranley.....'15	Bookkeeper, Conrad & Parsons, Ludington, Mich.
Vera Voss.....'15	Bookkeeper, F. W. Woolworth Co., Ludington, Mich.
John Timpy.....'15	Asst. Bookkeeper, The White Lead Co., Detroit, Mich.
Gladys Brunk.....'15	Sten., Stearns Salt & Lumber Co., Ludington, Mich.
Irene Poirier.....'15	State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Ora Poisman.....'15	State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Ignatius Woitasczak.....'15	Freshman, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.
Marie Juneau.....'15	Sister of Mercy, Mt. Mercy, Grand Rapids, Mich.

BLANCHE KOVAR.

CLASS PROPHECY

MARY MASSE

Illustrated by Ray Masse

One day about the middle of February I was assigned the difficult task of foretelling the future of my classmates.

On returning home from school, I threw myself on the couch and after thinking deeply for a long time, I fell asleep and lo! there appeared before me a queer looking old man with long locks and clothed in flowing robes and I inquired: "Who are you and what do you want?" He replied: "I am an old magician and have come to assist you if you will have faith in me." After contemplating for a few minutes I answered: "If you can help me in the task which I have to perform, I will place my faith in you." Then slowly drawing a small odd shaped mirror from a bag which he carried, he said: "This is a magic mirror by which you can see the future by merely glancing into it and uttering your wish." Then before I had time to express to him my thanks and appreciation, he vanished.

Wishing that I might behold my classmates' future, I peeped into the mirror and yes, there was the dim outline of a picture forming itself as if drawn by an invisible hand. Presently I beheld a large concert hall and at the piano I saw my old classmate, Margaret Koudelka (1) who was gracefully rendering to some of the most renowned people in the world, a number of masterpieces of her own composition.

This scene changed and in its place appeared a battlefield and there among the dead and wounded soldiers came a pleasant faced nurse, wearing the red cross uniform, and she seemed to be spreading sunshine and cheer wherever she went. After carefully scrutinizing her face, for it bore a striking resemblance to Mildred Charette (2) of my class of 1916, I realized it was really she.

Again the scene changed and this time I saw a street in a large city and marching to their hall was a band of suffragettes, and at the head, carrying the well known suffragette banner was a person of small stature whom I knew in a second to be Margaret Dutch (3).

This view faded away and I next saw a newspaper and there in large letters, I read: "President Gallie of the United States appoints his boyhood chum, the Honorable Raymond Masse, as ambassador to France (4).

Glancing down the column, this item caught my wondering gaze: "The state senator's wife, who was formerly the beautiful and talented Miss Lilian Juneau (5) of Ludington, Michigan, will give a reception at her home on Michigan avenue, to the members of the Diplomatic Corps and their wives.

The newspaper disappeared and I saw revealed before me a pretty home and there on the porch, reading the Ludington Daily News, sat William Albrecht (6) who, judging by his look of perfect contentment, was happy in the pursuit of his occupation.

This picture faded away and in its place I beheld a room filled with pupils and at the desk sat a Sister of Mercy, instructing her class in the rules of mathematics. I started, for beneath that veil shone two soft eyes that I knew belonged to my former classmate, Antonia Yech (7).



CLASS PROPHECY (Continued)

While I was gazing awestruck, this sight vanished and there appeared a library and at the exchange desk, filling out cards was the one literary member of my class, Elizabeth Nehs (8) who even in early childhood possessed a strong inclination for both fiction and deep reading.

Wondering what I would next see and prepared for almost anything, I confess I was a little surprised when a court room arose before me and there with grave and piercing eyes sat the judge in cap and gown, listening to the lawyers discussing the case and then I noticed that gradually the features of the noble judge assumed those of my old classmate, Anthony Yech (9) while at a side table, industriously writing with an absorbed expression on her youthful countenance sat his cousin Blanche Kovar (10) now court stenographer, but once a member of the renowned class of 1916.

The court room became indistinct but as it gradually grew clear again, I saw the interior of an immense theatre and at first I was so dazzled by the brightness and splendor that I did not immediately distinguish "Lucile Borgia Warden" (11) as the prima donna, who was charming the large audience with her sweet voice.

This picture grew dimmer and finally was obliterated by another, which was that of a massive brick building and the name inscribed on the door was:

LINCOLN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

and looking in the window of the operating room I saw two or three nurses busily engaged in arranging the table for what I understood from the words that formed themselves on one of the nurse's lips, was to be the most serious operation ever performed; and as I was trying to decide if any of them were old classmates of mine, the door opened and in walked the surgeon, who was to perform the operation. I did not recognize him, however, until he came near the window and then much to my astonishment, I gazed with awe on my old classmate, Ernest Subora (12).

This view faded away and in its place I beheld the auditorium in that famous resort, Epworth Heights, and on the platform stood Helen Bates (13) who by her rare elocutionary powers, one moment brought tears to her listeners' eyes, while the next moment, they were provoked to merry laughter.

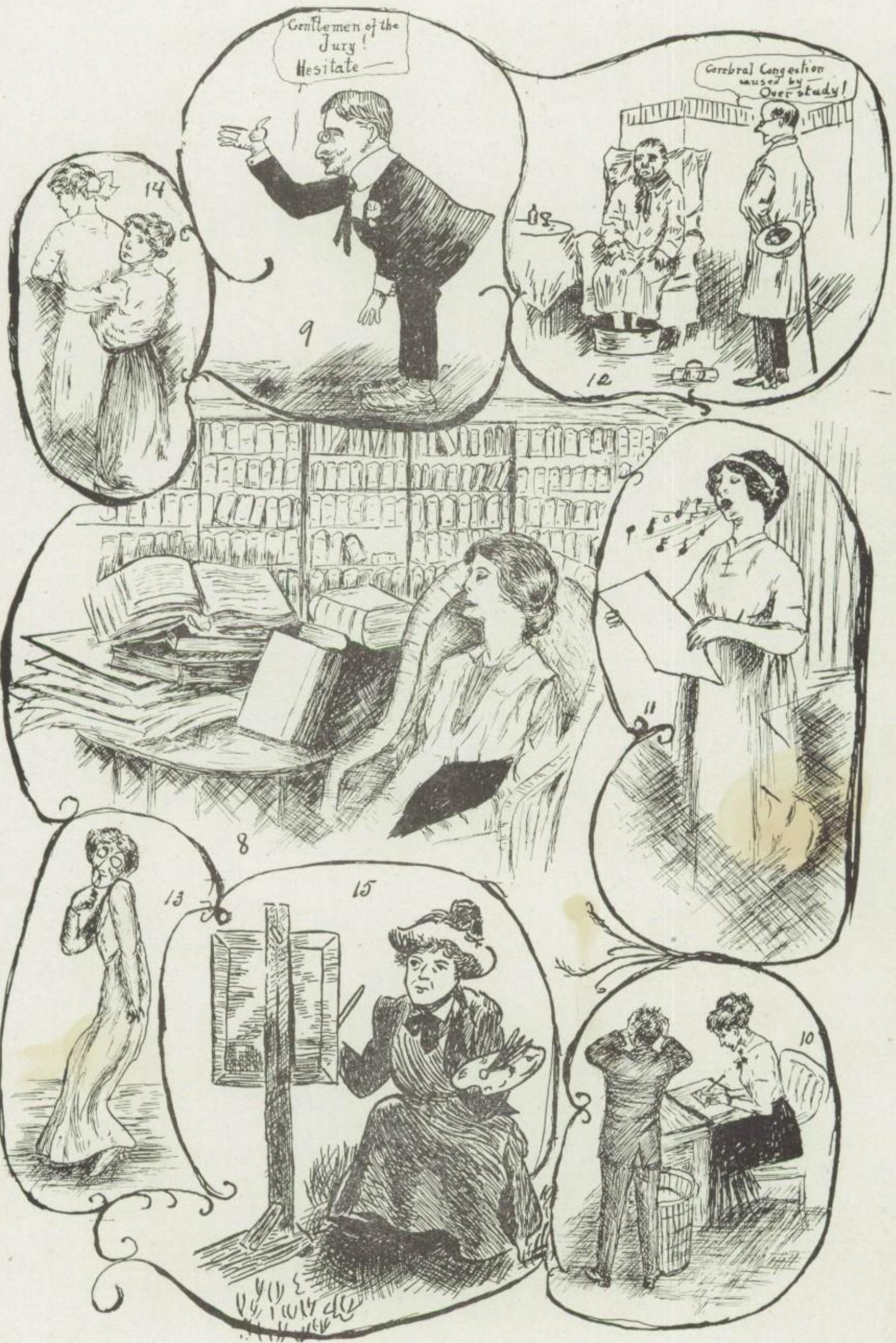
This picture disappeared and I saw a New York skyscraper and in a window on the forty-fifth floor, I read this sign: (14)

MADAMOISELLE MILDRED de la ROCHE

PARISIAN MODISTE

Alas! this also vanished as all the others had and I was surprised to see a large oil painting, in what appeared an Italian art gallery, and under it I read the name, Georgiana Haughey (15).

Just at this time I was awakened by the ringing of the telephone and, jumping up from the couch, I answered it. Then realizing that I had been dreaming of my classmates' future, I hastened to the desk and quickly wrote down what the old magician of my dream had informed me concerning the future of the illustrious class of 1916.



PREPAREDNESS

"Well, we are in for it now," said Mr. Fox in a tone of despair as he read the telegram handed to him at breakfast. Then he continued fretfully: "I am just out of a sick bed and you have none of your spring house cleaning done and all the children still in school. What are we to do? He does not say how long they intend to stay but he has been promising us a visit for so long they will probably stay a month or so. He states that they will be here the fifth and we have nothing prepared."

Would not the news that wealthy relatives are coming, at a time when your energy and resources have been taxed to their fullest extent by sickness, cause a burst of fear and anxiety in your household?

Mrs. Fox, capable and patient a little woman as she was, felt her heart sink at the prospect.

This was Saturday morning and she could not begin house cleaning for the next day was Sunday. The house, to begin with, must have a new coat of paint and the rest of the lawn must be laid. It would have been finished long ago were it not for the illness of Mr. Fox who could not stand the hammering of the sodders. The walls in the dining room, front parlors, and three bedrooms must be papered, floors must be oiled or varnished, woodwork in the bedrooms must be enameled, rugs must be bought for the living room, new shades for the lights. These latter could not be bought till the paper was put on, as everything must be in harmony.

All this to be done in one week. Sunday was spent in planning, and it was no wonder she sighed heavily as her imagination pictured in lively colors the havoc all this would work on their slender bank account.

The hall would be in dull red,—this had been settled long ago. After a long and heated debate they decided to have all new furniture for the library and paper to harmonize. The work of this room was intrusted to a professional decorator. "The living room and parlor will not be much trouble," said the girls, "just new paper, new curtains, oiled floors and Persian rugs."

Monday morning dawned bright and sunny as luck would have it. It was Decoration Day so Marshall and Margaret were home from school, which greatly pleased Mrs. Fox for she said they could take down curtains, dust pictures and do a multitude of odd jobs, which always accompany house cleaning. It was very late in the afternoon when Margaret decided to arrange the porch.

Then came her questions: "Marshall, will you wash the porch?" Marshall like an obedient brother washed the porch. "Now will you hang the swing? Maybe Aunt Anne and Uncle Jerry would like to sit here on a warm

evening." As the evening drew on, it was a group of tired people that gathered around the fireplace to discuss further plans. The rest of the week passed in hard work like the first day.

Very early the next Saturday morning the carriage was sent to every train to bring back the guests, but alas! no guests. At noon Mrs. Fox said: "It is just as well. They will come late this evening or tomorrow and that will give them time to rest up."

Near four o'clock in the afternoon a large touring car rolled up before the Fox home and Aunt Anne and Uncle Jerry bounded out of the car and into the house. It was with surprise and astonishment that the family stared at their relatives. "Having lunch," cried Aunt Anne, "well, we will join you." "You see," she continued, "we came here on a bet. The people next door to us got a new car and we bet \$200.00 that our car could go faster and he bet his car could go faster, so here we are. We are only allowed a half hour stop and will be going presently." After a hurried goodbye they left.

"And we are left with all our preparedness to enjoy it ourselves," moaned Mrs. Fox in dismay.

LILIAN JUNEAU.

Institutions Attended by St. Simon's Alumni

Valparaiso University, Ind.
University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.
University of Wisconsin, Madison.
Kenosha College of Commerce, Wis.
State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich.
McLaughlin Business University, Grand Rapids, Mich.
St. Mary's Hospital, Training School, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Michigan College of Chiropractic, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mason County Normal, Ludington, Mich.
Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.
State Normal College, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Timid we stand on Commencement Day,
"Where Life's river widens to meet the bay"
The river was narrow, no fears had we,
Lord, pilot us safely over the sea!



THE JUNIORS

Roy Burns, Pres.
Leo Bowne, Vice Pres.
Martha Carrier, Sec.
Nellie Shea, Treas.
Marie Brunk

Catherine Korn
Eva Moran
Hattie Poisman
Marie Subora
Walter Shinsky

Edward Castonia
Cyril Clavette
Mabel Fobair
Emily Kovar
Elizabeth Kovar

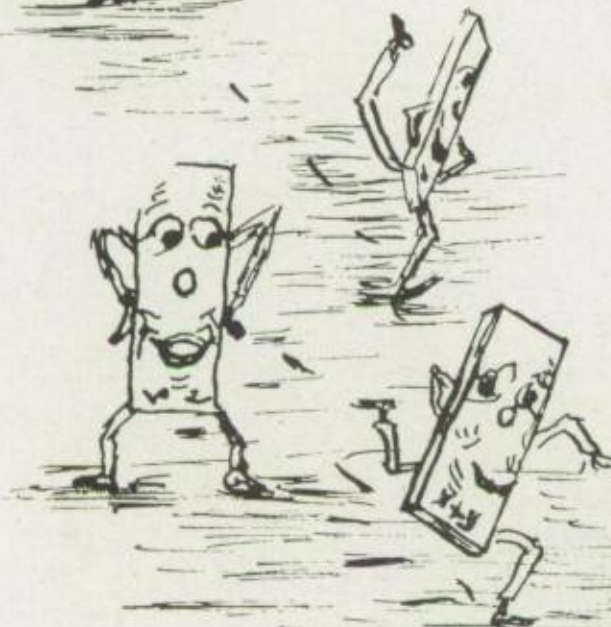
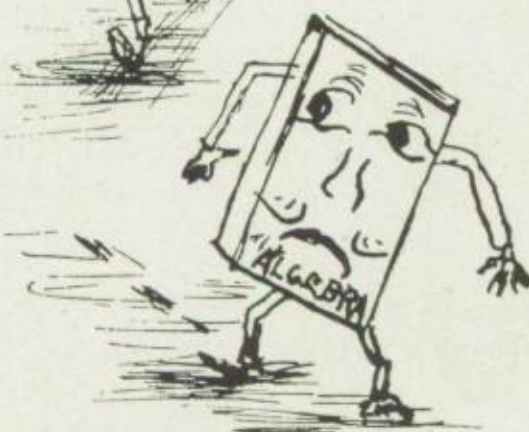
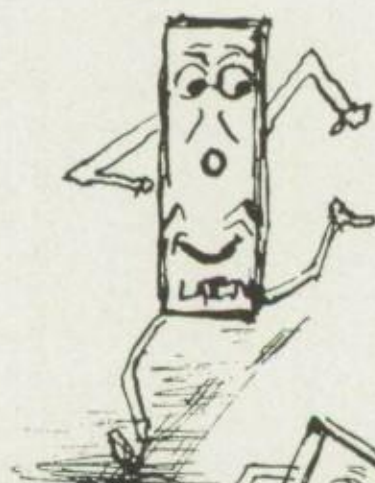
History

Upon a certain morning in September in the year of 1913, our class, composed of twenty-three very youthful learners, with unrivaled ambitions, entered upon what to us seemed a vast undertaking,—to master the high school course. Freshmen they called us; and though we would feign admit it, the burdens of responsibility did greatly tax our sometimes dizzy brains. The mid-winter banquet, with all its new wonder, seems as we reflect upon it, not unlike a glorious dream.

The following year, however, in appearance a far different throng of individuals mounted St. Simon's lofty stairs, as, with confidence, contrasting strangely to that of the previous year, we, the Sophomore pupils, numbering seventeen, resumed our respective tasks.

But, Ah! another and a still greater change was to transform us, for as September of the year 1915 swiftly came around, we turned our steps towards our dear old Alma Mater's welcoming doors. A dignity seems to possess us that may well befit a class of Juniors. Social activities and patriotism claim their share of our spare moments, an example of which is shown in the enthusiastic club which meets semi-monthly, at the homes of the members. We are now looking forward to our senior year with hopes of making it the most eventful in the history of St. Simon's.

LEO BOWNE, '17.



CLASS WILL

ANTHONY YECH

We, the members of the class of 1916, of St. Simon's High School, city of Ludington, county of Mason, State of Michigan, realizing that our existence as the most successful and most prosperous class in the history of the said school is about to terminate, and being of sound mental capacity, memory and judgment, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament in the manner and form following, to wit:—

1. We give and bequeath to the entire universe and the pupils of St. Simon's, the Corolla, published by the class of 1916. It is to be upheld to all future publishers as a model, classical production.
2. To our beloved pastor, Rev. D. E. Malone, who has watched over and guarded us with the devoted love of a father, we leave our affection and gratitude, and the assurance that we will always be true to the high ideals with which he has inspired us.
3. We leave to Rev. Father Simon our esteem and good wishes in recompense for his kindly interest in our undertakings and the earnestness he has shown in implanting in our hearts a more thorough knowledge of our Holy Faith.
4. To the Faculty, under whose guidance we have spent our high school career, the class of 1916 leaves its gratitude and hearty thanks. Moreover, we hope that kind fortune may at some future date intrust to them a class gifted with talents such as ours.
5. We intrust to the Alumni of St. Simon's High School, seventeen new members, to increase their numbers and to be used for service or ornament, as they desire.
6. We bequeath our place of dignity and honor as Seniors to the Juniors whose prospects, we hope, will be worthy of such distinction. We give them also, as our worthy successors, the many rights and privileges of Seniors; for exact data consult any member of the Senior class. To this class, moreover, as our dearest friends and, as a token of our confidence in their discretion, we leave secret instructions regarding that superior look to be assumed when speaking to a Freshman. They have always admired it and regarded with envy our skill in assuming the patronizing "rule" so becoming to a Senior.
7. We bequeath to the Sophomores the memory of the noble deeds we have accomplished, hoping they will strive in their humble way, to attain a degree of success commensurable with their efforts.
8. To the "dear innocents," the Freshmen, we leave our love of merriment to be indulged in occasionally, for "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."
9. We bequeath to the Sub-Freshmen the privilege of entering the high school with the expectation that they will follow in the footsteps of the two hundred and forty-four students who have preceded them.
10. We give, devise, and bequeath to the class of 1917, the following estate, real or imaginary:

1. To Mabel Fobair, the pleasure of translating Virgil with the hope that she may achieve a success that would bring joy to the heart of Aeneas himself.
2. To Marie Subora, the famous German student, our German manners and accent, with the caution not to attempt to particularize a word of too many syllables, for fear that her tongue might be distorted from its normal position.
3. To Nellie Shea, we leave both the old and the new dictionary, which has served us many years and are warranted to open at the desired page; and to Emily Kovar, a Remington typewriter for individual use.
4. To Elizabeth Kovar, all the love romances in the library written in English; those in Latin we assign to Catharine Korn.
5. We consign to Walter Shinsky, the care of the clock which well deserves its place in the Senior room for the service which it has rendered, smiling on the punctual and frowning on the tardy.
6. To Leo Bowne, the privilege of formulating parties and other entertainments for his classmates; warning him, however, not to cause the participants to reply on the following morning, "unprepared."
7. To Roy Burns, the authority to settle all disputes which might arise from conditions mentioned in article "6."
8. To Eva Moran and Hattie Poisman we leave the dear old songs sung in high school days; our only injunction is that they "keep the tune."
9. To Martha Carrier, and Marie Brunk, who hold the record in stenography we leave, to have and to hold, the old Pitman's shorthand for another year.
10. All money left after the payment of our just debts is to be expended in the purchase of toys, story books, etc., for the Sub-Freshmen. Teachers are often at a loss as to how their fingers may be employed during the first days in high school. We feel, therefore, that our suggestion will prove a valuable one.
11. We hereby nominate and appoint Edward Castonia and Cyril Clavette sole executors of this, our last will and testament, and we hereby authorize and empower the executors of this will to make sale of and convey any parcel or parcels, real or imaginary estate of which we may die possessed, for the purpose of raising any and all such sums of money as shall be required for the trust funds, annuities and legacies here in before directed to be created, given and bequeathed.

We hereby revoke all wills by us heretofore made and constitute the said Edward Castonia and Cyril Clavette executors of this, our last will.

ANTHONY YECH, (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Anthony Yech, for the class of 1916, as the last will and testament in the presence of us who, by his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other have hereunto set our hand and subscribed our names as attesting witnesses:—

BENJAMIN RUSSEL BURNS, 1918.

RAY SIMON ANDERZACK, 1919.



SOPHOMORES

Ruby Britain

Luella Burns

Benjamin Burns

Mary Cranley

Harold Genia

Edward Doe

Gertrude Dutch

Lucile Johnson

Mable Koudelka

Alfred Lonergan

Hazel Marceaux

Ruth Juneau

Randolph Moriarty

Edward O'Connell

Loraine Warden

James McDonald

Clarence Shea

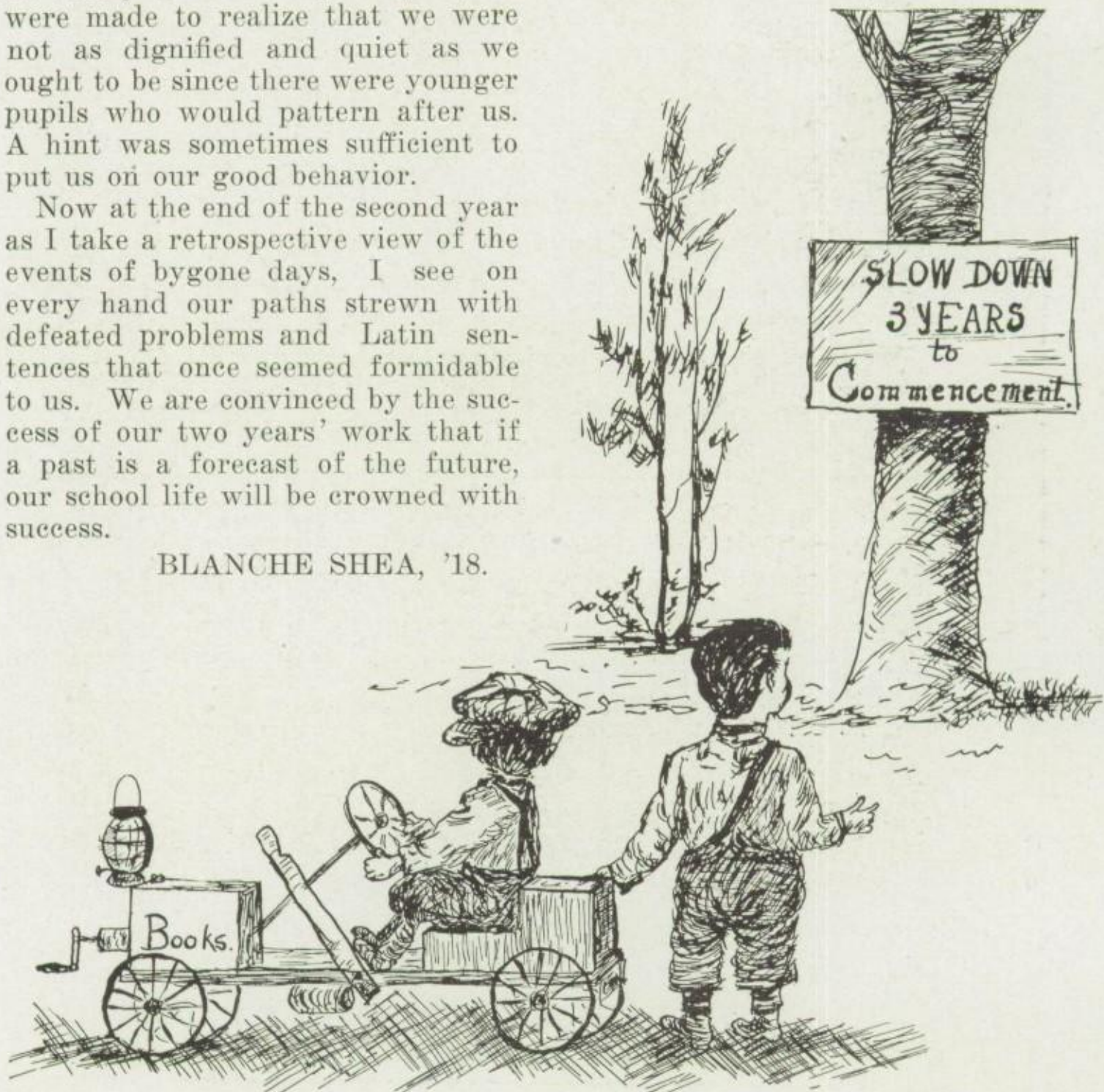
Blanche Shea

Memory readily goes back to the September morning, that we entered St. Simon's High School. It was in the golden autumn of the year 1914, that a large class of twenty-one boys and girls began their higher education, delving into the more intricate branches of learning.

Our first year of high school life at length passed and we willingly bequeathed our honored title of Freshmen to the many bright students destined to fill our places. In 1915 we reached the next round of the ladder which leads to Learning's Heights, and were given a somewhat more pleasing appellation—"The Sophomores." We started out with the thought of becoming models so that the class just entering might mold its character into as good and noble a one as that which had gone before it. Many times during the year, we were made to realize that we were not as dignified and quiet as we ought to be since there were younger pupils who would pattern after us. A hint was sometimes sufficient to put us on our good behavior.

Now at the end of the second year as I take a retrospective view of the events of bygone days, I see on every hand our paths strewn with defeated problems and Latin sentences that once seemed formidable to us. We are convinced by the success of our two years' work that if a past is a forecast of the future, our school life will be crowned with success.

BLANCHE SHEA, '18.



Metrical Translation

FROM VIRGIL'S AENEID, BOOK I

Aeneas, that mythical hero of old,
Whose wanderings and exploits by Virgil are told,
By a tempest one day was driven ashore—
Not far from great Carthage of ancient lore.
Having anchored his fleet in a secret cove,
Well hidden from view by a leafy grove,
With his friend, brave Achates, he started forth,
Well armed with long spears of great durance and worth.

He loitered along through the forest's green aisle,
And scanned far and wide the vast plain the while,
When lo! in his path stood a maiden fair
In the garb of a Spartan with flowing hair.
'Twas Venus, his mother, to him unknown,
Who spoke to her son in a kindly tone:
"O tell me, brave youth, if perchance thou hast seen,
Or hast heard of my sisters within the green."

Then Aeneas replied in a voice of regret:
"Of thy sisters, no sign have we seen as yet,
Oh what shall I call thee! not maiden, for no,
Thy voice is not that of a mortal below.
Whoever thou art, be propitious we pray,
And tell us what skies we are under this day.
O'er the waves, we were tossed far and wide till at last,
By a kind, friendly fate, on your shores we were cast."

Of herself all knowledge^d did Venus withhold,
But presently questioned these heroes bold:
"Who art thou? From whence and whither bound?"
"Aeneas am I, of great Troy once renowned.
By the will of the gods from my country I sailed,
To seek that far country of Italy and failed."
Then spake the goddess: "Pray, follow the way,
To the one, who, alone, o'er this kingdom holds sway."

Thus Venus, and slowly she turned her head,
Upon which a heavenly lustre was shed;
Her neck shone forth with celestial hue,
While her flowing, white robe proved the goddess true.
"O why dost thou speak to me thus in disguise,
And why seek to shelter thyself from mine eyes?"

In his turn spake Aeneas these words of regret,
While sadly his fact towards the city he set.

But Venus enshrouded them in a dense haze,
Well concealing them both from the curious gaze,
So that none would be able to ask why they came,
Or heedlessly question concerning their name.
Then he and Achates their journey renew,
By the path which to them was both strange and new.
Ere long they commence a steep hill to ascend,
And finally their steps towards its summit they wend.

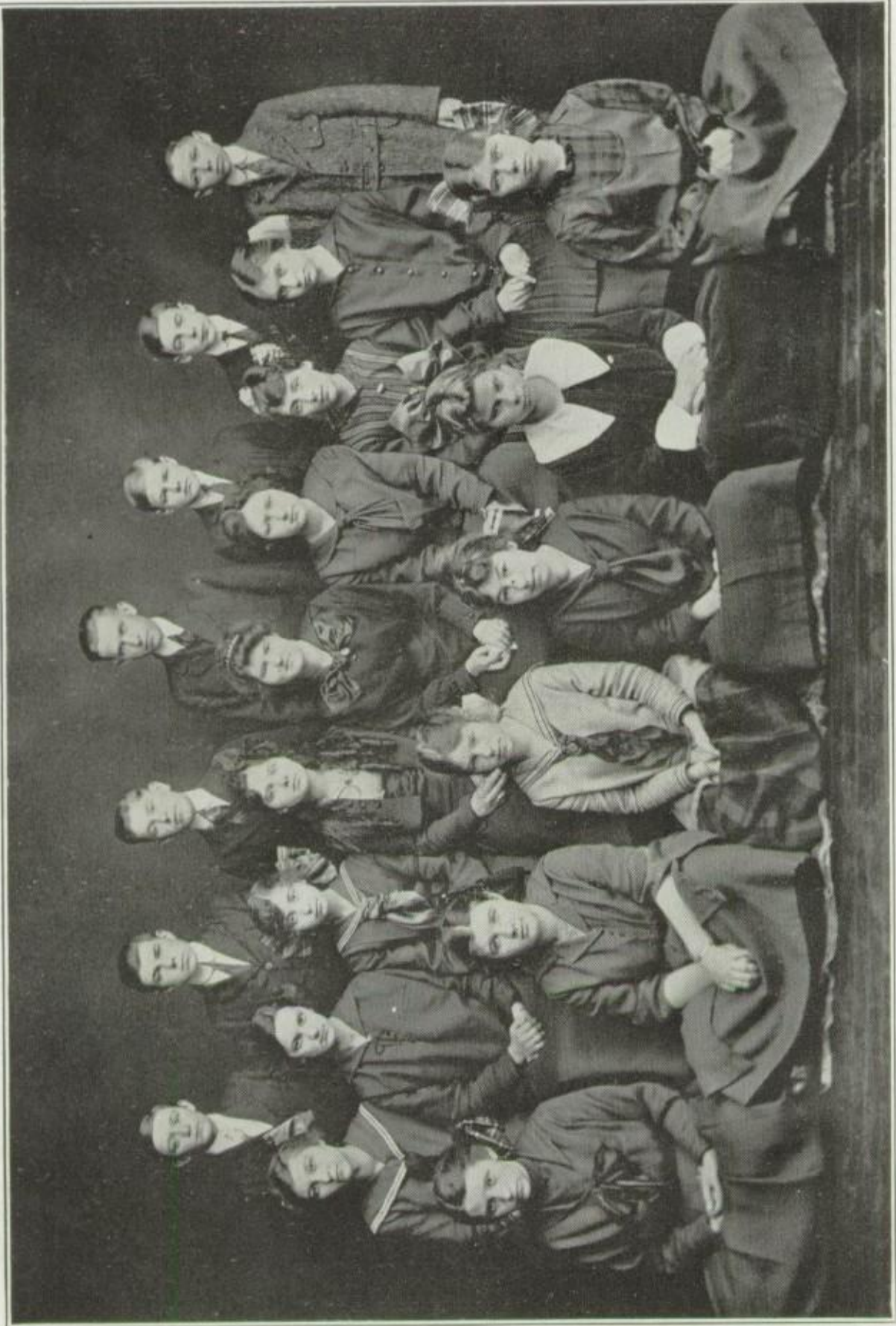
Far beneath in the city rose turret and tower,
While both marveled indeed at such structures of power,
At such highways and byways, so broad and so wide,
Which men daily beheld with increasing pride.
Most zealously labored this Tyrian band,
Erecting and building the walls of the land;
The work of the citadel some controlled,
While the vast mighty boulders by others were rolled.

A suitable site for their homes some chose,
And with broad, deep trenches the ground they enclose;
Then others, the laws of the country select,
Their ruler and sacred senate elect.
Just as bees, in the heat of a warm summer day,
O'er broad fields of clover, so bright and so gay;
As lab'ring unceasingly, young bees and old,
They gather and store that sweet nectar of gold.

"O fortunate city! whose walls now arise,"
Cried Aeneas in accents of awe and surprise.
As slowly he wended his downward flight,
Still marvelously hid by the mist from man's sight.
In the midst of the town stood a grove rich in shade,
Within which a temple to Juno was made;
While along the high walls Aeneas could trace
That fiercely fought war of the Trojan race.

Into this temple came Dido the queen,
And her way through the throngs she wended serene,
When behold! at the entrance stood those, whom these two
Had believed to be lost on that deep sea of blue;
Their comrades! whom long they had mourned as dead,
Into the presence of Dido were led.
So at last are united these heroes so bold
And with them there ends that sweet myth of old.

HELEN BATES.



FRESHMEN

Ray Anderzack

Mable Bates

Lila Bartenbaker

Raymond Bowne

Catherine Brunk

Adelaide Bejtka

Alice Conkling

George Cartier

Anna Carrier

Catherine Edgett

Earl Fobair

Harold Gavan

Raymond Guerin

Louise Juneau

William Zeber

Austin Murphy

Mary McDonald

Leo Masse

Cyril Moran

Josephine Maher

Augustine Morasco

Alvina Majewski

Joseph Nehs

Henrietta Neumann

Walter Noa

Cecilia Ratelle

Glena Stapleton

Mary Voss

Irving Yech

The enrollment of our class in September was twenty-eight, but we are reduced now to twenty-one. In October two members of our class moved to Bay City, where they continued their studies at St. Mary's High School. Another member was forced to leave school on account of illness from which he did not recover until too late in the year to resume his work. At the beginning of the second semester we received a new member for our class from St. Francis High School, Traverse City.

Our history has not been very eventful, as we have given our whole and undivided attention to our studies. Our social functions were few but we are planning on a beach supper before the close of school.

The aim of our class has been to be a credit to the high school and in this we feel that we may safely say we have not failed. Our blunders and mistakes have afforded amusement to the older classes, but we let them laugh, as we know that next year we can laugh too.

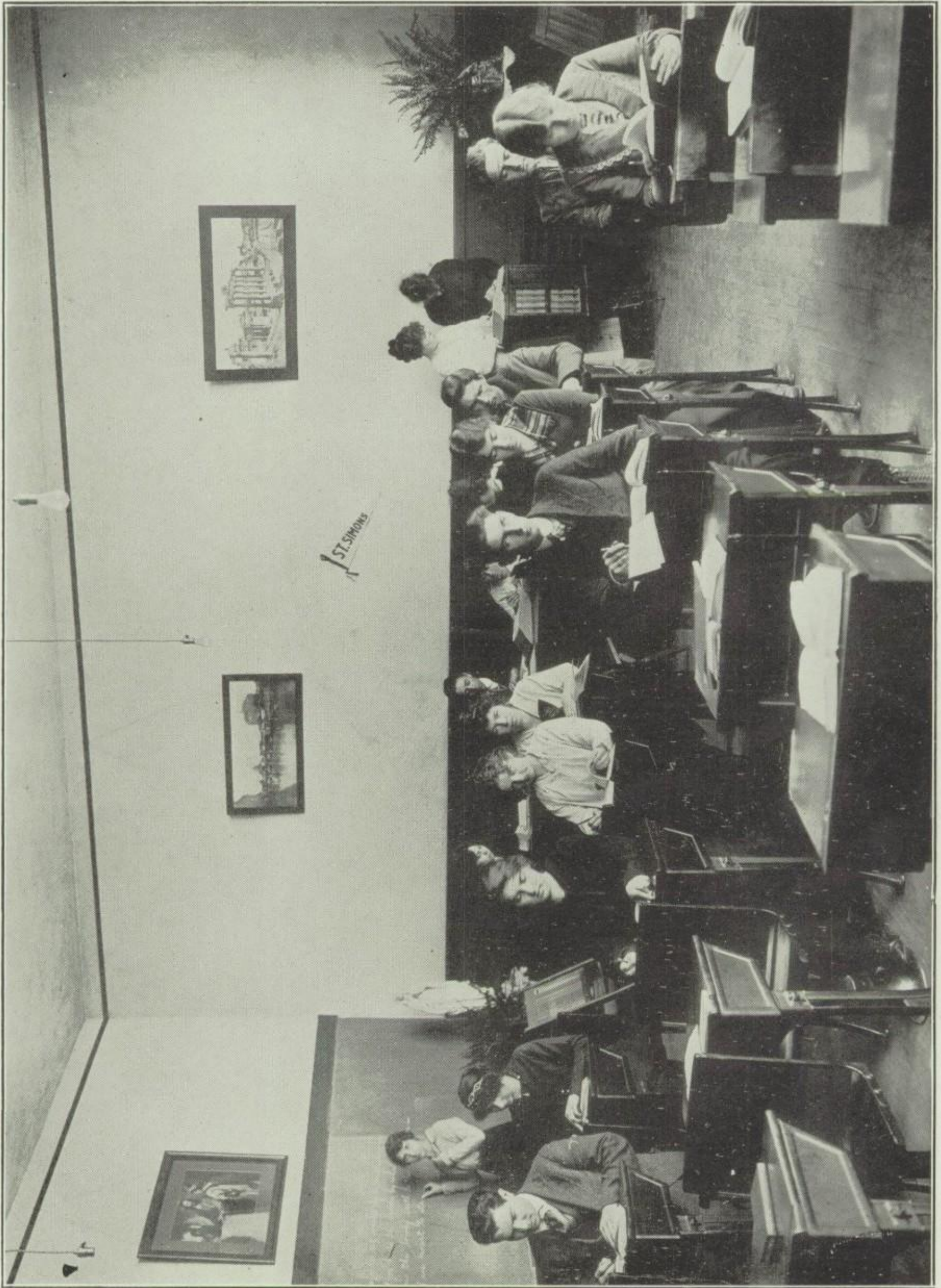
ALICE CONKLING, '19.



ACOLYTES OF ST. SIMON'S HIGH SCHOOL



Ray Masse	Randolph Moriarty	Roy Burns	Robert Carrier	John Timpy	Percy Gallie	James McDonald
Harold Gavan	Walter Shinsky	Ernest Subora	Edward O'Connell	Harold Genia	George Cartier	



THE SENIORS AT WORK

LEO LYCEUM

The Leo Lyceum was organized during the first year of St. Simon's high school. Since its object is to promote general culture and literature, it was suggested by Rev. Father Hayden that the Lyceum be named after one of the greatest literary men of the world—Pope Leo XIII.

The constitution and by-laws were drawn up, and the colors, yellow and white, chosen as school colors. The election of Lyceum officers takes place during the first month of each school year; the programs consist of mock trials, musical selections, recitations and debates upon current topics. "St. Simon's Echo," our high school paper, is read and enjoyed. This acts as an agent for displaying the wit and talent of the pupils.

Our priests have always acted as critics, and their criticisms have done much toward the strengthening of our weak points. Thanks is also due to our teachers, Sisters of Mercy, for the success of these meetings may be traced to their efforts to promote advancement.

A meeting was held in November, of this year, a program being given by the members of the different classes. On December 17, 1915, a novel and interesting program was given by the Junior German class. Invitations, written in German by the Juniors, were issued to the Seniors, and the other members of the high school were grateful for even an English invitation. The program follows:

Eine Deutsche Unterhaltung

Dec. 17, 1915.

Sprichwörter	Herr Burns
Lied—"O du frohliche"	Die Klasse
Begleiterin	Fraulein Koudelka
Ansprache	Fraulein Kovar
Ein Zweistimmiger Gesang—"Stille Nacht"	Herr Shinsky, Fraulein Carrier
Gedicht—"Vergissmeinnicht"	Fraulein Shea
Aufsatz—"Der Weihnachtsbaum"	Fraulein Brunk
Lied—"O Tannenbaum"	Die Klasse
Gedicht—"Du bist wie eine Blume"	Fraulein Fobair
Lied—"Auf Wiedersehen"	Die Klasse
Wir wünschen euch eine frohliche Weihnachten!	

L. W. '16.

St. Aloysius Boys' Sodality

This organization, under the patronage of St. Aloysius, patron of youth, has for its end the development of physical and moral training.

It has a membership of sixty-six boys ranging between the ages of fourteen to nineteen. Every third Sunday of the month is set aside for the purpose of attending Holy Communion in a body and of holding a meeting in the afternoon, called by the President.

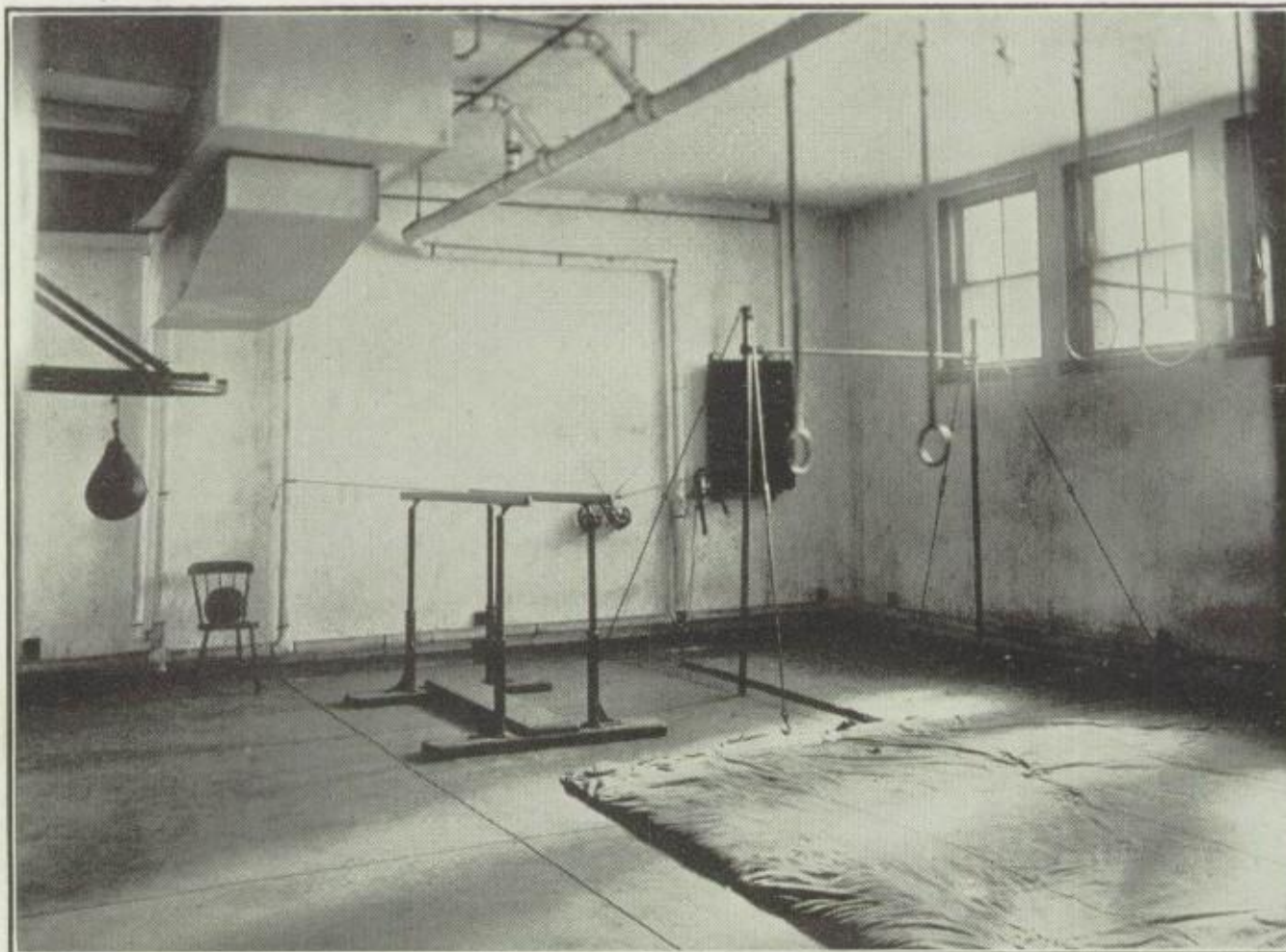
The officers of the ensuing year are: President, Ray Masse; Vice President, Walter Shinsky; Secretary, Leo Bowne; Treasurer, Roy Burns.

The members are the proud owners of a gymnasium, athenaeum and billiard room, which is unexcelled by any other in the city. On Monday and Thursday evenings from seven to nine, access is given to all members above the age of fourteen, those under this age being allowed only after school.

In boxing, wrestling, physical culture and other athletic exercises pertaining to the betterment of mind and muscle, the members are trained by men skilled in these branches, while those who do not prefer to take part in any of these may spend an enjoyable evening reading or playing billiards.

R. M. '16.

GYMNASIUM





GRADUATION RECITAL

Lucile B. Warden, Margaret M. Koudelka, Abbie M. Vogel

ST. SIMON'S AUDITORIUM—Sunday, April 30th, 1916, 3:00 p. m.

ASSISTING: Miss Hazel Rothwell, Soprano
Miss Blanche Tuttle, Accompanist

Auspices St. Simon's Music School

PROGRAM

Concerto in F Minor, op. 79.....Weber
Miss Lucile Warden
Miss Margaret Koudelka

April MornBatten
Miss Hazel Rothwell

PART I.

Rondo CapricciosoMendelssohn
Silver Spring, op. 6.....W. Mason
Miss Abbie Vogel

Carv'd Upon My Inmost Heart (Rigoletto).....Verdi
Miss Hazel Rothwell

PART II.

Sonata, op. 53 (Allegro).....Schytte
Kammenoi-Ostrow No. 22.....Rubinstein
Miss Margaret Koudelka

I List the Trill in Golden Throat (Natoma).....Herbert
Miss Hazel Rothwell

PART III.

Sonata, op. 31 (First Movement).....Beethoven
BalladeTschaikowsky
Miss Lucile Warden

Valse (Romeo E. Ginletta).....Gounod
Miss Hazel Rothwell

Polonaise, op. 40 No. 1.....Chopin
Misses Lucile Warden, Margaret Koudelka, Abbie Vogel

Address and Presentation of Diplomas.....Rev. D. E. Malone

Fokes

Ernest Subora

Lost

A box of powder owned by Juniors, lost on the 13th of March, 1916, in the assembly room. Finder please call at "our" office and you will receive your reward.—Juniors.

Signification of Names:—

A grain	Korn
A conveyance	Shea
A pain	Burns
To grieve	Moran
For catching fish	Bates
A nationality	Dutch
A gate keeper	Warden
Builder of the Ark.....	Noa
A title of royalty.....	Earl
A great liberator.....	O'Connell
A fountain pen.....	Conkling
Distributor of mail	Carrier
An ancient boat.....	Gallie
Stability personified	Rock
A goddess	Juneau
A native of England.....	Brittain
An early explorer	Cartier
Serious and sensible	Ernest
Desirable on dark days.....	Ray

Walter—Would a pint of wood alcohol kill a guy, Leo?

Leo—Would it? Why, that's the concentrated essence of fifty woodpiles.

Sister (in the 10th grade English)—Give the basis of Miles Standish.

Gertrude (puzzled)—Do you mean the man or the poem?

Visitor—How is your daughter getting along in high school?

Fond Parent—Oh, very well, indeed! She was encored in every study.

Sister—Mary, what are pioneers?

Mary—Pioneers are people who live on pine stumps.

Lilian—Say, why is it that everything that happens in Junior class is circulated through the city?

Elizabeth—Why goodness, that's easy, they have a Carrier.

Marie (passing soup, the result of her skill)—"Looks like rain today, doesn't it?"

Ernest—"Yes, but it tastes like carbolic acid."

Sister—Ray, give the principal parts of an irregular verb.

Ray—Hot—hotter—hottest.

Translated in the Caesar Class

There was a river Arar of such incredible smoothness that it was impossible to judge by the eye, which way it FLEW.

Teacher—How many sides to a circle?

Ray (puzzled)—There are two sides.

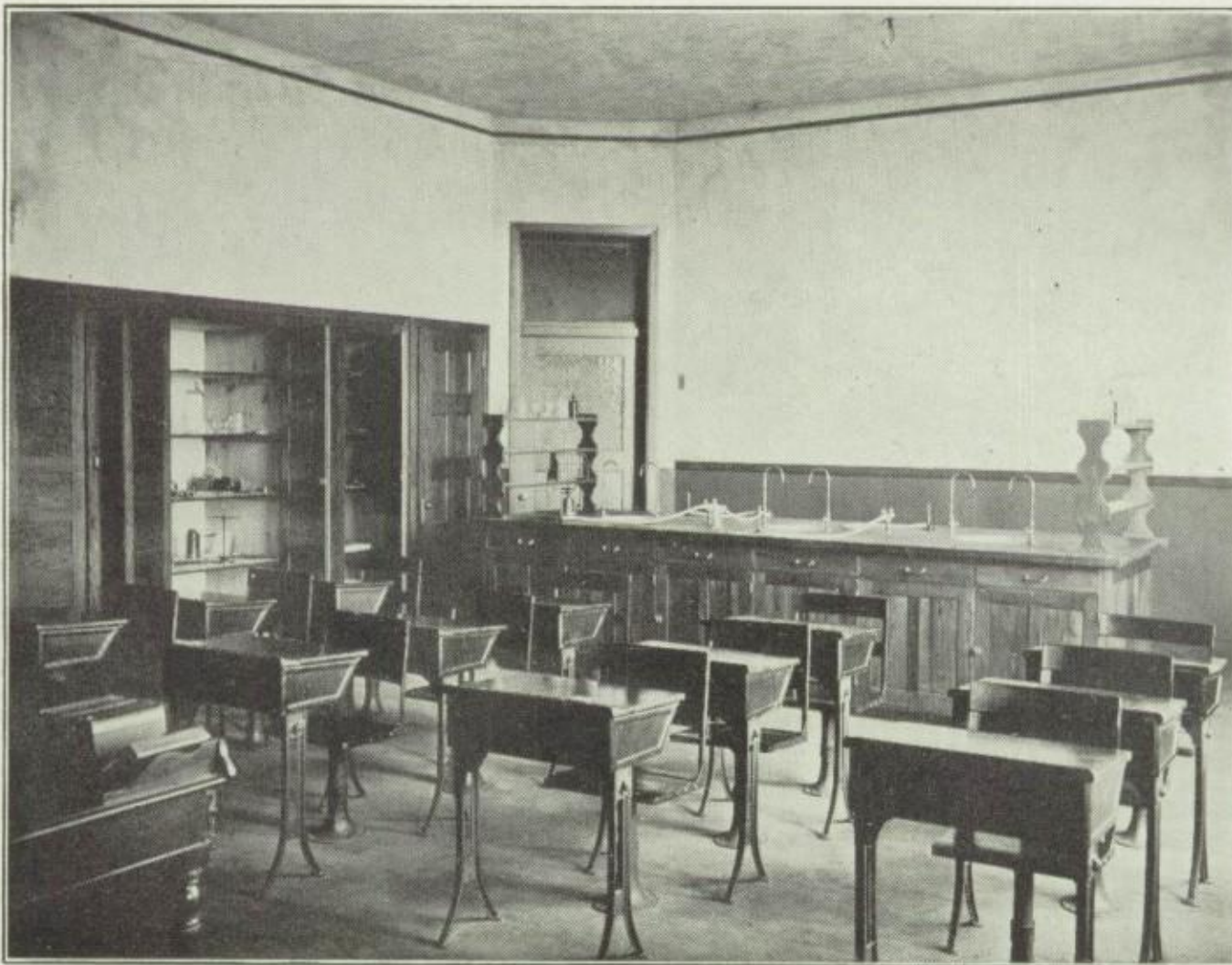
Teacher—How do you make that out?

Ray (very bright)—Inside and outside.

Lives of Seniors oft remind us,
We will likely grow as tall
And departing, leave behind us
Pictures on the high school wall.

Freshmen

Poor little Freshmen! I believe they are blue,
History's difficult; Algebra, too;
But 'tis Latin, alas, that's the cause of their tears—
For they lose all their wisdom when Father appears.
They stammer and stutter o'er things they know well,
For they're seized with a fear that they cannot dispel;
Then breathless they sit there, and stare at the wall,
Just wishing the ceiling would down on them fall!



LABORATORY

AN APOLOGY FOR THE FRESHMEN

After beholding with pity and compassion the many trials and tribulations of the Freshman class, the Seniors feel that at last it is their duty to say a few words in their behalf, so they have asked me to write a brief apology for the many blunders and mistakes made in the last few months by the poor, innocent and inexperienced ninth graders. It must be remembered, you know, that upon entering high school they were cast upon an entirely new shore and like immigrants in a strange country, the scenes and faces were entirely new, the laws were of a different nature and even the language could hardly be understood by them. At intervals of what seemed to them to be about five minutes the gong would ring with such a clang that they would jump from their seats in fear and terror, glad only to follow in any way possible, the older members who were going to their classes.

Upon leaving the assembly room a new difficulty now arose—where were they to go? They knew they were now to recite to a different teacher, but which one? Into what room? The only thing to do is to ask some one, so turning to the next one they inquire only to find that he takes an entirely different course and is going to a class which the Freshmen never heard of before.

Not only leaving the assembly room is puzzling but to return to it must be even worse, for upon one occasion while I was passing through the hall I glanced into the library. There the most pitiful sight met my eyes. One of the ninth grade girls was weeping bitterly. I asked her if she were ill, but she shook her head. I then said kindly: "Did you get a scolding?" "No." "Well," I said, "what is the matter?" "I can't find the assembly hall," she sobbed, "and my books are all in there." Well, the only thing I could do was to take her and lead her to the door. I guess Sister showed her where her seat was.

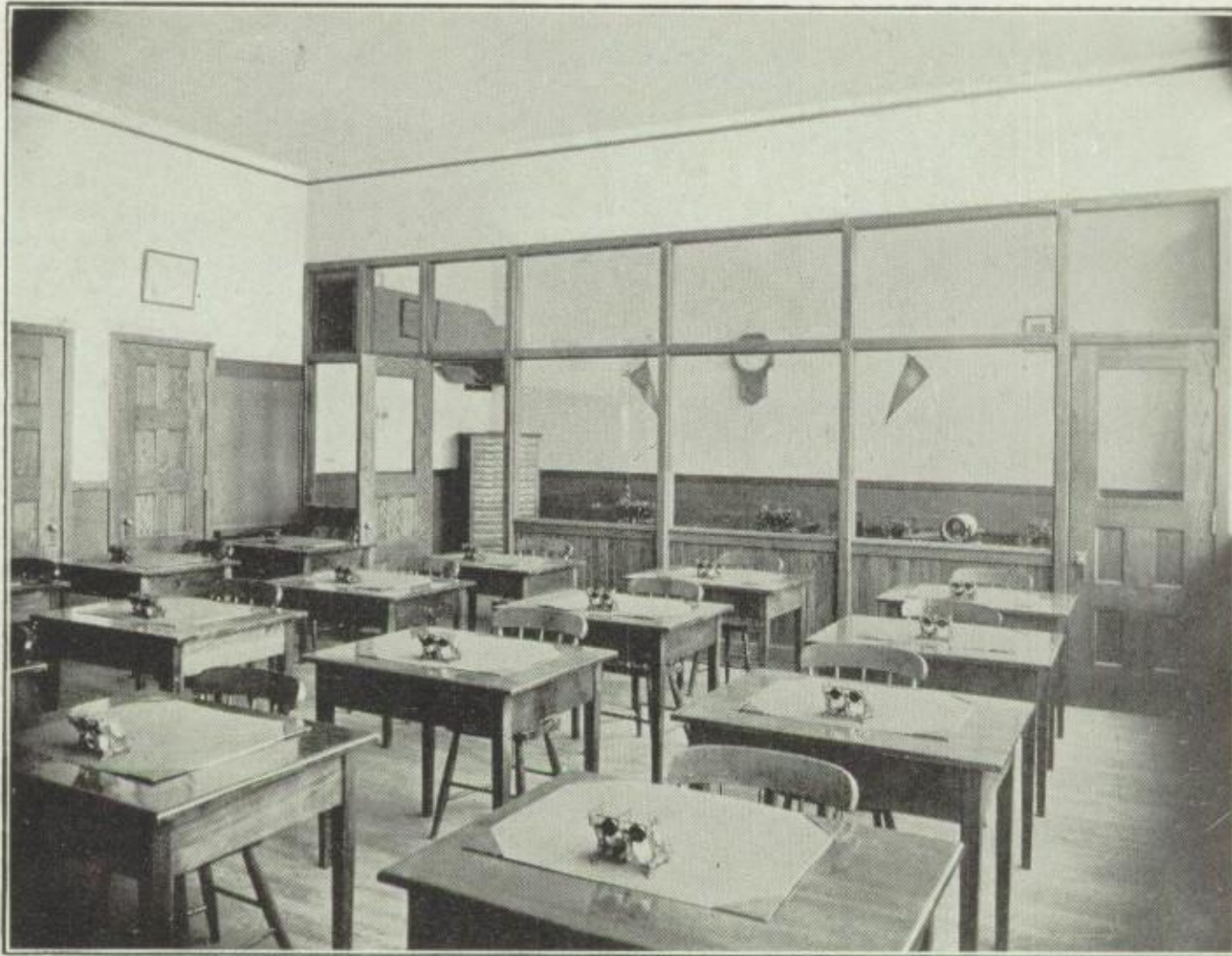
These and hundreds of other things show how hard it must be for those little ones who are just entering high school. Although it has been many years since I was a Freshman, still I look back with amusement upon the time I first entered this great realm of learning and in what bewilderment I passed the first few months. So if the older members will only try to look with compassion upon their blunders and faults and treat them kindly because, after all, as Father Faber says, "Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning."

And who knows what talent lies hidden under all their awkwardness. So, Freshmen, take courage by the example of the Seniors, and maybe some day one of you will be President of the United States.

E. N.'16.

There was a little Earl
He had no little curl
To hang right down on his forehead.
He wasn't very bad
But this is what's sad—
When he tried to be good, he grew morbid.

Ray—(in laboratory) Where's ethyl?
Ernest—(eagerly) Ethel who?
Ray—Oh, ethyl alcohol.



COMMERCIAL ROOM

Answers to Correspondents

"Anxious One"—Yes, "Anxious One," it is better to have your lesson prepared before the class assembles to recite. The teachers prefer it and it gives you more free time after school.

"Spendthrift"—Yes, Spearmint is just about as good a grade of gum as can be bought; but for school use you might just as well buy a cheaper kind, as it goes to the waste-basket anyway.

"Bookworm"—You neglected to state what your favorite class of literature is, but I should think any magazine could be read in school with safety, if you would select one with not too bright a cover; or else tear the cover off, as it will not be so liable to attract the teacher's attention.

Photographer (taking class picture of Seniors)—Now I'd like to have you at your work and just as natural as possible; some studying, some reading, etc.

(Some one in back of room)—Mary, you talk.

Margaret—I wonder why the Juniors didn't want to take Cicero?

Lucile—Oh, they're too lively to study Latin; it's a dead language, you know.

Charge of the Green Brigade

Teachers at right of them,
Teachers at left of them,
Pastor in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with tongue and bell
Up to the front they towed
Up to the front they strode,
Strode all the poor Freshmen.

Flushed were their faces red,
Flushed as they raised their head,
Stumbling with feet of lead,
Answering the questions, while
All the school wondered.
Theirs slow to make reply,
Theirs not to think, but try,
Theirs but to wonder why,
Credits must thus be earned
By all the Freshmen.

Father (giving out report cards)—When was the Treaty of Peace for the Revolutionary war signed?

Will—I wasn't here that day, Father.

Lament of a Junior

I wish I were a Senior,
And soared on heights sublime.
I'd never have to study,
Nor come to school on time.
I could whisper to my neighbors,
Whenever I felt inclined;
I could leave the wardrobes open,
And never pay a fine.

I could loiter in the library,
Or stroll down to the gym;
I could turn on all the electric lights—
It would not be a sin.
I wouldn't have to wash the boards
For fear my hands I'd soil;
I could keep at distance sure and safe
From anything like toil.

I know I can't be a ruler,
A princess or a queen—
It's out of style to be a fairy
And dance on meadows green.
I wouldn't want to be an angel
For on harps they have to play,
But I'd love to be a Senior
AND JUST HAVE MY OWN WAY.

Anthony—The doctor just told me if I did not quit smoking I'd croak within two years.

Bill—Going to quit?

Anthony—Nope; the joke's on the doctor. I'm going to be hung next month.

Teacher (in Algebra class)—Are you having trouble with those questions, Harold?

Harold—No, Sister, the questions are all right, but it is the answers that are bothering me.

“How iss your boy Ray getting along in der school?”

“Ach! He is halfback in der football team and all der way back in his studies.”

Teacher—Mable, what did I give you to outline?

Earl (promptly)—You gave her a Great Stone Face.

FOR SALE—A Freshman wishes to announce through the columns of the Corolla that he will sell his desk, cheap. Excellent location, surrounding scenery beautiful, full views of hall, corridors, and assembly room; warm climate winter and summer. Cause for selling,—Promotion.

In four long years of trouble,
Four long years of tribulation,
Years of trials and tests and stumbles,
Which we spend here in the high school;
In these vaulted halls of learning,
In this domicile of knowledge,
Many things we learn—to tell of,
It would take a ponderous volume,
It would be an endless story,
To be read but to be doubted.
Learn all history's old traditions—
History both profane and sacred—
Battles, crusades, rules and rulers,
Heresy and sin and schism,
And the councils ecumenic.
Learn we tongues of several nations—
Latin, French and German learn we;
Rules, declensions, conjugations.
Every rule of mathematics,
Every sign the chemist uses—
Nitrates, chlorates, acids, bases;
How to write both prose and couplet;
All the things a high school teaches.
And so on and on forever,
These could be enumerated,
Things we learn here in the high school;

It would take a ponderous volume,
It would be an endless story,
It would be a marvelous fable,
To be read but to be doubted.
To the casual observer,
To the fond, admiring parent,
To the freshman in the glory
Of his bright and grass-hued greenness,—
It would seem at graduation,
At the goal of aspiration,
That the ones now graduating
From the halls of old St. Simon's,
In the blaze of brilliant glory,
That enhances graduation—
That these Seniors now departing
Must have knowledge universal,
Knowledge wide and most extensive,
More than ordinary mortals
Ever dreamed of once possessing.
That their skulls must be so crowded,
And their cranium so congested,
That no space is left within it
For another fact to enter!
Oh the vain, the false delusion
Of the casual observer,
Of the fond, indulging parent,
Of the freshman in the glory,
Of his everlasting greenness!
For we seniors this could tell you,
If you weighed our brains in balance,
When we came—and now departing,
You would see with looks astounded,
That we Seniors in the glory
Of the honors at St. Simon's,
At the goal of aspiration,
At the zenith of ambition,—
That we Seniors now departing,
Still know little—very little,
Merely scraps of useful knowledge.
But we thank good old St. Simon's—
Old St. Simon's, stern and steady,
That she taught us well **one** science,
Fixed it in our minds most firmly:
How to know our God, our Maker,
How to love Him, how to serve Him
Here in this world; and hereafter
To enjoy His peace forever.

A FRESHMAN'S IDEA OF HIGH SCHOOL REQUIREMENTS FOR ENGLISH CLASSES

First Year

1. Required Reading.
Mother Goose Rhymes.
Jack and the Bean Stalk.
Special attention given to illustrations.
2. English Prose Composition.
Note writing.
Short sentences; special attention to be given the use of the capital letter.

Second Year

1. Required Reading.
Alice in Wonderland.
Grimm's Fairy Tales.
2. English Prose Composition.
Language.
Use of interrogative sentence; special attention given to the use of the adjective.

Third Year

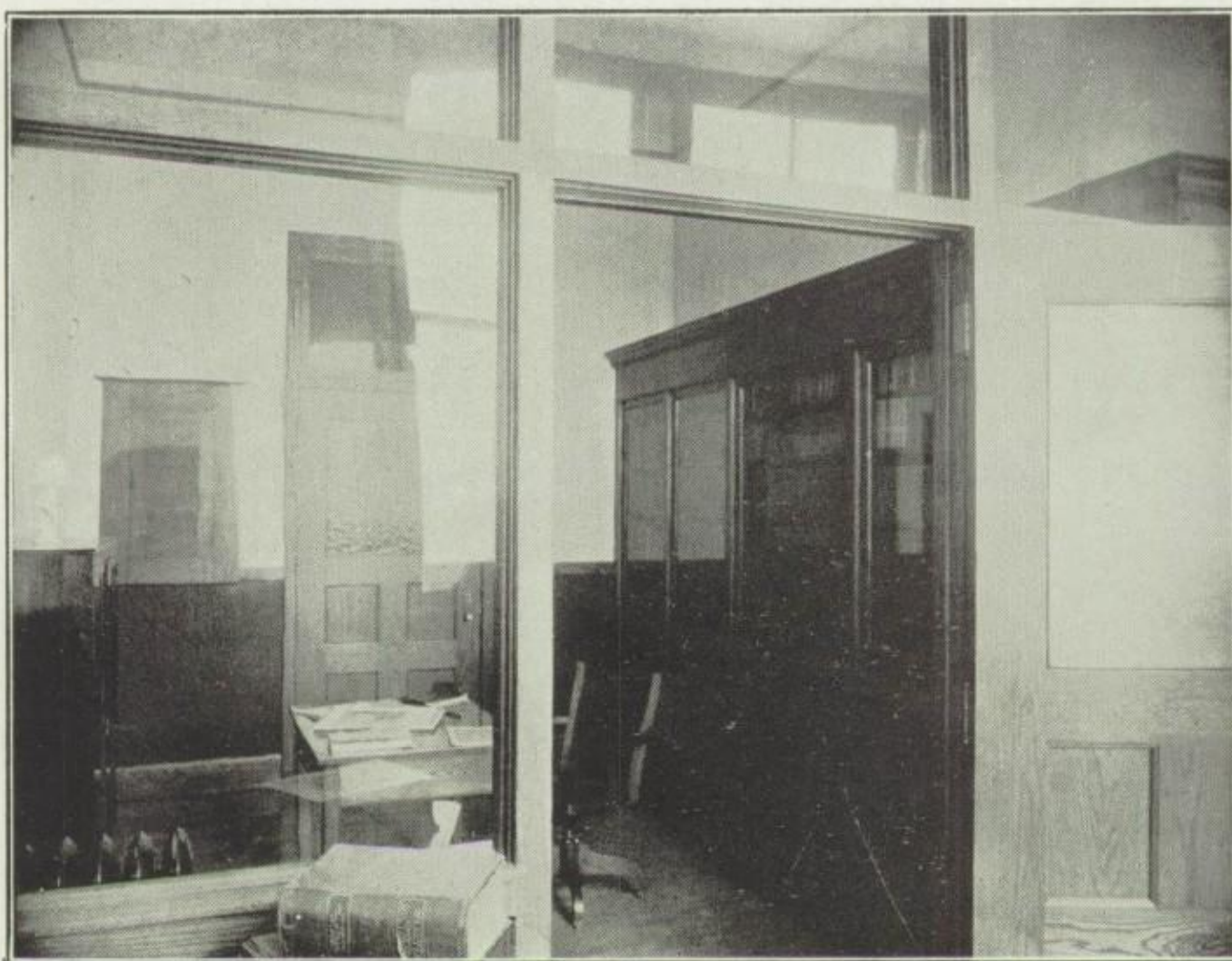
1. Required Reading.
Hawthorne: The Great Stone Face.
Cooper: John Gilpin's Ride.
2. English Prose Composition.
Letter writing—Business forms.
Special attention to be given to correct spelling.

Fourth Year

1. Required Reading.
Catholic Encyclopedia—Volumes 1-15 inclusive.
Shakespeare—Tragedies, any 15; comedies, any 20.
Tennyson—Complete volume of poems.
Bishop Spaulding—complete set.
2. English Prose Composition.
Metrical.
Essay.
Special attention to any form of composition likely to be met with in the broad sea of life.

Poor Eddie's left our Chemistry class,
We ne'er shall see him more;
For what he thought was H^2O
Proved H^2SO^4 .

I stood upon the mountain,
And gazed up the plain;
I saw a lot of green stuff
That looked like waving grain.
I took another look at it,
And thought it must be glass;
But goodness! on my honor—
It was the Freshmen class!



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